



THE MISSIONARY
HERALD
AT HOME AND ABROAD
Religion
Berkeley, Calif.
DECEMBER 1936

Lift The Christmas Fund To \$80,000



IN THIS YEAR of 1936, the Boards of Ministerial Relief are making an urgent appeal for \$20,000 over and above the normal amount of the Christmas Fund, in order that they may fulfill a six-fold mission:

- ❧ Send a Christmas check to every pensioner of the national and state Boards of Ministerial Relief;
- ❧ Remember on Christmas Day about one hundred other families of Congregational and Christian ministers in acute distress;
- ❧ Rescue ministerial families in the drouth-stricken areas of the Middle West;
- ❧ Give emergency relief during the coming year to pensioners and others who have nowhere else to turn;
- ❧ Give assistance to ministers temporarily unemployed;
- ❧ Help to maintain regular grants at their present level, the lowest average for at least fifteen years.

If you are a regular donor to the Christmas Fund, add one-third to your usual gift. If you have not before taken part in this gracious remembrance of the servants of God, make your contribution as large as possible to meet these emergency conditions.



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Foreword

Yes: the author of the leading article in this issue is the Associate Editor's daughter. She describes what Christmas means to a certain group of young people; what it means to the veterans of the Cross is set forth in three articles and a two-page spread of pictures.

Four ministers contribute articles: Rev. Paul McElroy of Manchester, Massachusetts; Rev. George Driver of Provincetown, down on the Cape; Rev. Manasseh Papazian of West New York, New Jersey; Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt of Boston. Dr. Brown is Secretary Emeritus of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Mrs. Raymond's home is in Edgerton, Wisconsin. Mrs. Wagner's is in Longmont, Colorado, Miss Bostwick's in San Jose, California, and Mrs. Wilson's (she is a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board) is in Hinsdale, Illinois—quite a Western quartette!

Mrs. Waln is an American Board missionary in Chilesso, West Africa; Mr. Orner in Chikore, East Africa; Miss Cowles in Johannesburg, South Africa; Mr. Edwards is principal of the United College of Western India in Poona and English editor of the *Dnyanodaya*; Mr. Thomas is treasurer and business agent in Bombay of both the American Board missions in India.

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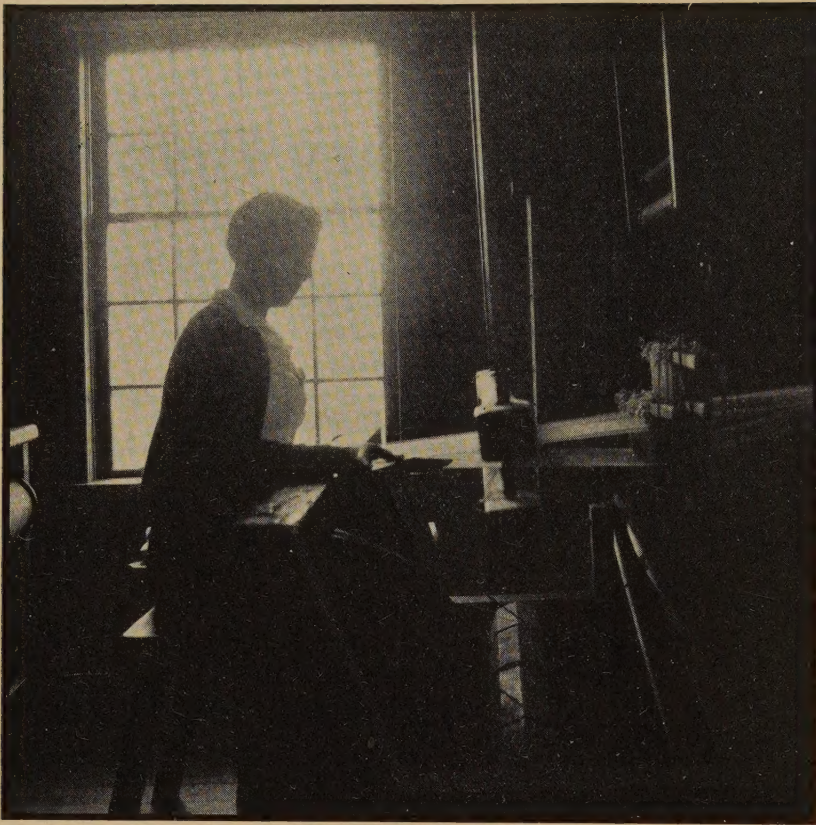
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Brasstown Silhouettes

Working—Dreaming

In the John C. Campbell Folk School in Brasstown, North Carolina, subjects are not studied apart from the everyday use of them: agriculture, surveying, mechanical drawing, forestry, handcraft, cooking, sewing, home nursing. In the craft room are looms and rich masses of vegetable-dyed wools and shelves filled with shining carved animals. See picture, page 541.



Working at the loom

But the practical side is not all. An intangible thing is found here: a spirit, a family tradition, a happy atmosphere, a quiet and deep-flowing life. The family is just the group of students and teachers, with Mrs. Olive Campbell as Director. It dreams, works, plays, sings, and studies together.



A Folk School Reverie

A Folk School Christmas

By Ruth Scotford

CHRISTMAS comes early at Brasstown. Ann says she starts singing Christmas carols on July 5 and doesn't stop until January 6! Even in the summer, when the Folk School family gathers around the piano to sing, someone will always ask for a Christmas carol!

This year school started on the fourth of November and on the very first singing evening we began to learn Christmas carols. We had to start early because there were so many of them that we wanted to learn before Christmas actually arrived—French ones like "Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella"; Spanish ones like "Wake O Wake Ye Shepherds!"; Czechoslovakian ones like "Now the Rarest Day of All Days," "Rocking," and "Harken Unto Me"; Danish ones like "Christmas Brings Joy to Every Heart"; and Welsh ones like the "Poverty Carol."

We also had our American versions of the old English carols, which had been collected by Jack Niles and others here in the mountains. As we learned these Mrs. Campbell would tell us how they had been discovered down at Shooting Creek or over at Peach Tree and would read the old English versions from which they originally were derived, which gave us a chance to see how the language had changed and how new idioms had been introduced.

Christmas preparations began in earnest the day after Thanksgiving. Mrs. Campbell read the Christmas play in English class and everyone began discussing who should have which part. Those who had been here before had been speculating all fall as to which boy would be Joseph and which Herod, which girl would be Mary and which Elizabeth.

The play itself has grown up with the Folk School. At first it was a group of tableaux given continuity by the carols sung by a chorus. Little by little new scenes were added as new carols were found. The scenes expanded from tableaux into episodes in a play.

Each year someone in the Folk School family would have a new idea for some dialogue to be added here or a new bit of action added there.

These ideas would be tried out and, if successful, would become a part of the play until it now contains 20 carols and lasts about one hour and twenty minutes.

When the parts were finally given out the fun began. All English periods were devoted to practicing. Immediately after supper we would hear Herod booming orders to his courtiers in the community room, Mary entreating Joseph to let her rest in the hall and the shepherds dancing merrily in the library, while the rest of the family tried to find an odd corner in which to read the paper or some place big enough to put up the ping-pong table.

Soon most of the members of the family had new names. Some one would ask Herod to pass the butter, or Mary to get some more bread, or Joseph to fire the furnace. At dinner it would be announced that as long as the angels were washing dishes that night the shepherds would practise immediately after supper and the angels at five o'clock.

All day long the carols would be heard! The weavers in the craft room would be singing "Heigh the Holly, Ho the Heather" while from the kitchen would come "Harken, Harken, Mother Dear, Hark My Father, Come and Hear," and the girls upstairs would be sweeping the hall to the tune of "Wassail, Wassail All Over the Town."

The barn rang with strains of "We Three Kings of Orient Are" as the kings did the milking. In the morning we would be awakened by Joseph coming to build our fires whistling "Here We Come a Wassailing among the Leaves So Green" and at night at 8:45 the boys would disappear through the woods toward the Mill House to the strains of "God Bless You Merry Gentlemen."

On the Sunday night a week and a half before Christmas, Mrs. Campbell read aloud "The Bird's Christmas Carol." From then on various members of the family were given new names. One of the older girls who always takes care of the family and the house and whose name is Maud immediately became "Sara Maude"; any girl who misbehaved was "Peoria" and any boy "Baby Larry" or "Peter."



A Folk School student in "Old Timey" dress in Brasstown, N. C.

When the family went visiting in the neighborhood, someone was sure to pipe up "It was such a short evening and such a pleasant walk—We didn't have enough hats to go round!"

Thursday was decorating day. All classes stopped, all other work was done up quickly and then the fun began. The boys were sent out after mistletoe, a job they did with more diligence and hilarity than any other assigned them during the year. At 9 a.m. they returned laden with huge boughs of mistletoe with great clusters of glistening white berries. They did not need to be told where to hang them!

Thursday night the supper crew were sent to the creamery to get the butter and told that they needn't help with the supper at all because it was just going to be soup, and Ruby (the dietitian) could fix that.

When they had disappeared all the old staff proceeded to prepare a surprise dinner for the students. Instead of soup there was a full course festive meal with veal and cranberry sauce and a huge cake. At each new student's place was one of the school cards with a lovely

picture of the Christmas play on it, and an atlas with bright colored maps on it. After a very jolly meal Jack Niles played request songs on his dulcimer. One song always requested was a carol which he had found nearby:

"I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus the Savior did come for to die,
For poor ornery people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky."

Sunday morning we were awakened not only with the rising bell but with cries from the breakfast girls "it's snowing!" We all jumped up and looked out upon a Christmas card snow storm. The mountains were white and blue and the houses tucked into creases in them had pretty white roofs.

The family met at breakfast filled with mixed emotions. We were all happy because of the snow, especially because snow is unusual here, but we were unhappy because we knew that many of the people who had planned to come to the play would not be fixed to go out in any such weather and we hated to have them miss it.

The play went off wonderfully. It wasn't Bert and Betty, it was Joseph and Mary; it wasn't Marlin shouting at Verlin, it was Herod out of patience with his courtiers. Even the chorus which stood at the side of the platform, and which had seen it all before many times were so impressed, that they forgot to get tired standing so long!

After the play someone asked how we had managed to create such sincerity in the acting.

"We couldn't have done it," the young people replied, "if we hadn't been living the play for days and if we hadn't known all the carols so well and been singing them all day for so long!"

When the play was over most of the young people left to spend Christmas at home.

Christmas eve dinner at noon was a special occasion. The Folk School has borrowed an old Danish custom for that meal. They cook for dessert a big bowl of rice for each table, each bowl containing an almond hidden deep down. The bowl is passed from person to person and the one who gets the almond must keep it in his mouth until all the rice is eaten

and then he shows it to the others and is given a box of Christmas candy.

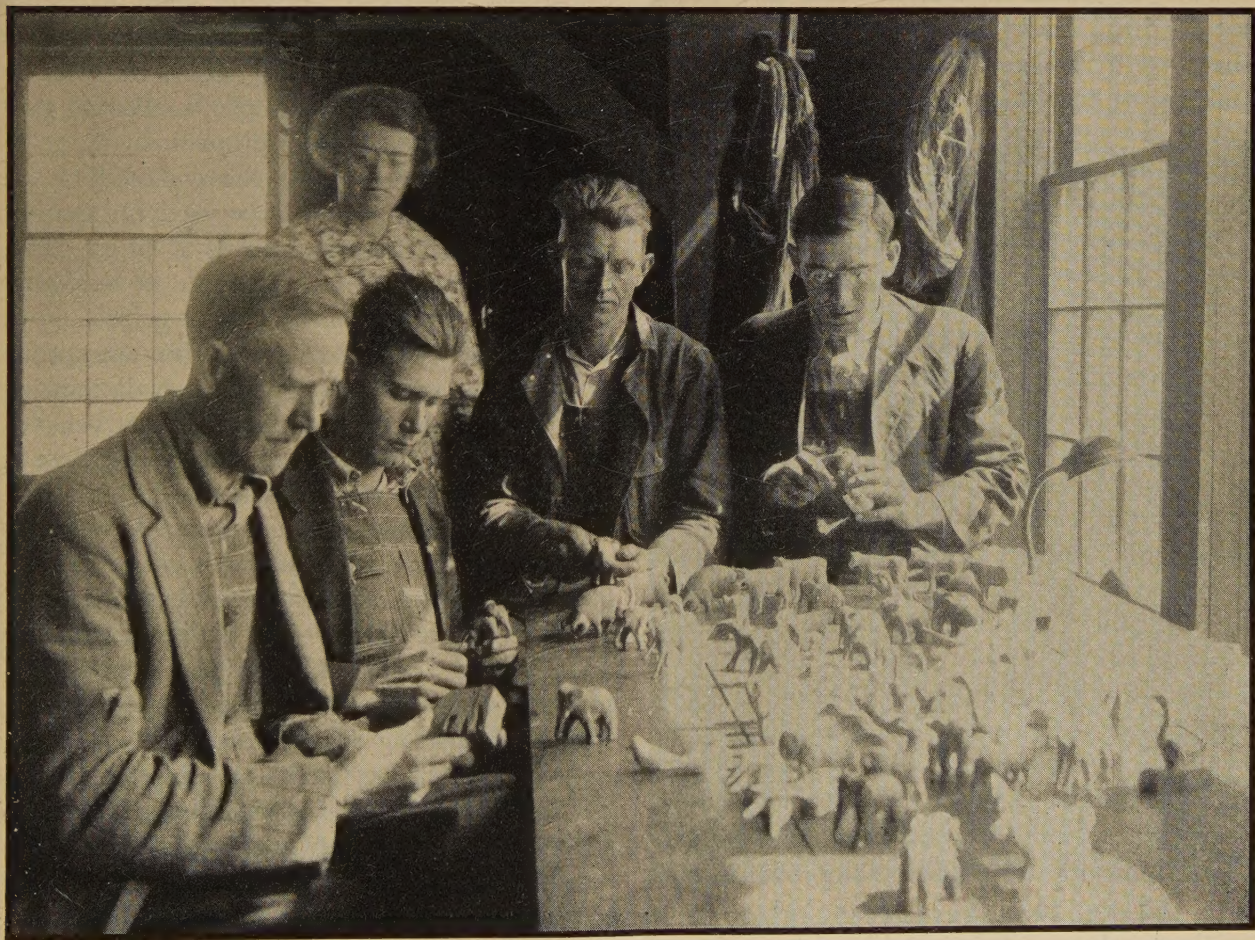
The Folk School family celebrates Christmas on Christmas eve so that no one will have to hurry off to milk cows or get dinner. At supper time we gathered in the community room. The manger was still on the stage and the star shining over it. The room was lit entirely by candles, some in tall candelabra, others in small candlesticks placed on the windows. The food was put on small tables covered with bright colored cloths while we sat around the fire.

First came the bringing in of the Yule log which had been saved all winter for this event. We sang a carol for a blessing and then ate our Christmas eve supper. After the dishes had been cleared away we gathered in a circle. Georg, the Danish farmer, sang "Gather Around the Christmas Tree" in Danish and we repeated it in English. Then we sat in front of the tree while Mrs. Campbell found upon it presents which we had made for each other.

Then came another old Danish game. A

tray full of apples, oranges, candy and nuts was brought in. The youngest member of the family put her head under the table while Mrs. Campbell pointed to one candy. Then she came out and one by one picked up things from the tray trying not to move the piece which she thought was the one which had been pointed to. When this one moved she had to stop picking but could have all that she had gotten before it moved. So with all.

Christmas did not end officially until January 6 (Twelfth Night), when all the students had returned. In the evening we gathered around the fire in the library. In the center of the room was a pile of wreaths taken from the barns and houses. As we went around the circle, each person took a wreath from the pile, placed it on the fire and requested his favorite carol which we sang together as the wreath burned. When bedtime came we had burned 33 wreaths and sung 33 carols and still had not sung all that we knew! Thus Christmas ended as it had begun, with the singing of carols.



Mountaineers carving animals at the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, N. C.

The Great Christmas Fund

By Lewis T. Reed

A SHORT time ago I paid a call at a delightful suburban home in New York, where the ingenious and garden-loving owner had created a rarely beautiful terrace-garden on a rough hillside. From the top of the hill where his house stands, he had led city water through a pipe into a pool, in which he had planted and was growing several varieties of water-lilies.

Taking advantage of the natural formation and supplementing that formation with rocks and earth that he brought in, he built four pools on successive levels. The overflow from the first pool trickles down to the lowest level, filling the several pools on its way and moistening the surrounding soil, in which he had planted mosses, ferns and various creeping plants.

On the lowest terrace, a motor and pump returned the water to the highest pool, so that the final overflow could be used again. The tinkling of the little stream, the gleam of the pools, the exquisite verdure along the banks, were a delight to every sense. One must see it in order to know how lovely it all is.

There is a pleasing analogy between this water-garden creation and the Christmas Fund. The stream of benevolence flows into the office of the Board of Ministerial Relief, and rejoices the hearts of all who have anything to do with the Fund.

Just before Christmas the outflow begins—not a trickle, but a sizable flood that pours through the mails and into the homes of more than eight hundred beloved men and women, who have been waiting anxiously to know whether their depleted resources are to be replenished.

Then this Christmas money continues on its way to the coal-dealer, the shopkeeper, the landlord, and sometimes also to the hospital and the doctor. Thence the stream is turned back again into the business of the country.

All along the way, there is the loveliness of love and the radiance of faces lighted with gratitude. In a church of which I know it was



"A garden is a lovesome thing"

sometimes remarked, "People seem to enjoy their religion here." The Christmas Fund is something which every one seems to enjoy—donors, distributors and recipients. People give out of their love to their fellowmen.

"Will you please give the enclosed bit of silver to Mr. _____ to be used for the old ministers?" laboriously pencils a blind lady, living in a home for aged people in Vermont. "I regret that it is not a larger gift."

"The enclosed is to be used for emergency relief. I can make this gift, though diminished income prevents my usual gifts to other benevolences," wrote last year one who has been a continuous donor to the fund since 1915.

"I did not think I would have anything to send for the Christmas Fund this year," wrote a gentle old lady in Kansas—a donor to the Fund for twenty-four years—"but a friend gave me a dollar and I am sending it on. I have been in the hospital for six months with a broken hip. I am getting along as well as can be expected, but I do not have any income and cannot do much for others. I was always so glad to help when I had money and looked forward to sending something for the Christmas Fund."

Hundreds of similar letters are received from those whose own lives are burdened, but who



*Where the snow comes early and abides a bit late
For Christmas Check they eagerly wait*

still find joy in doing for others. Could anything show the spirit of Christian sympathy more than this letter from a family where the husband had been out of work for months?—

"I am sorry to have withheld our usual contribution, but my husband has been out of employment since July and we have had to do some retrenching ourselves. Now he has good prospects and, before leaving for his prospective job, a thousand miles from here, he told me to send on the usual contribution."

"I hope I may be able to keep up these gifts as long as I live," writes one of our largest donors whose splendid gifts help wonderfully in maintaining the Christmas Fund; "but each year I begin about October to wonder just how it is to be managed. Unexpected demands, together with dwindling income, always make the prospect for December look dubious; but somehow the Lord sees to it that when December comes I find it possible to meet what to my mind is an obligation. As usual, I am sending it in my husband's name and in commemoration of his passing on to a new life on Christmas Day, 1927."

Love! Fidelity! Remembrance! Faith!

And then what smiles there are in the homes into which go the gifts!

"Thanks very much for the fine Christmas message and check," wrote a pensioner living in northern Michigan. "The check brought assurance of fuel for the rest of the winter, and will also make it possible for me to pay the taxes on my little home. It is wonderful to feel the support of so many dear Christian friends."

"My heart is filled with gratitude as I sit down to thank you for the Christmas check you sent me," wrote another, the widow of a Congregational minister. "I bought coal, paid my rent, and have some left for rent this month. Surely God is good, for what could I do if it were not for the help I receive?"

"I want you and all concerned," said a third letter, "to know how grateful I am for my generous Christmas check. I only wish you could know what it means to me. It has been a hard year, with the struggle to pay the heavy expense of my throat operation; but, thank Heaven, I can breathe now like anyone else, no strangling, no choking any more. You cannot imagine the relief." [Continued on page 545]



*A retired minister and his wife living on
the Pacific Coast*

First Hand Impressions of Missions

By Hugh Vernon White



Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Vernon White

I SPENT ten months in the Orient trying to get a true understanding of Christian missions and especially of the net effect of Christianity upon the lives of the peoples of the Orient. Since my return many have asked what my main impression of missions is.

I cannot answer that question in one sentence because I have many impressions. Missionary work is so varied today that one may feel some of it to be of the greatest importance and, at the same time, think some activities obsolete and useless.

As a matter of fact I do not remember actually seeing any missionary activity that did not seem to me to be worth doing, and most of it seemed to be meeting vital human needs in a splendid way.

In many instances schools and hospitals were serving hundreds or even thousands who without those institutions would have simply no educational or medical advantages at all. With schools, doctors, churches and innumerable educational and cultural opportunities all about us we cannot conceive the poverty of life of the peoples of the Orient and the relative smallness of the total contribution all the Christian mission of the West make. One impression, then, is that the human need in its sheer extent is vastly greater than we can realize.

We lived with missionaries most of the time we were in the Orient. They are fine hosts and hostesses, even though they are about the busiest people I have found anywhere. They are too busy. This is due in large part to the fact that their numbers have been so much reduced during the past few years and that consequently many of them are carrying two or three jobs at once. Very rarely did we find anyone who was not keeping up his courage and enthusiasm. But I

hope they will not have to carry the excess burden much longer.

For that matter, I wish some means could be devised to preserve a certain margin of leisure for the missionary, especially during his first dozen years on the field—not so that he could take life easy but to enable him to range widely and dig deeply in the thought and culture and in the common life of the people.

MISSIONARIES ARE WITH THE PEOPLE

But with all the burden of work I was struck by the intimate way in which most missionaries share the life of the people with whom they live. Their friends, their colleagues in work, their circle of the closest Christian fellowship are the nationals. But beyond the Christian group most of the missionaries have friends and many associations with non-Christian nationals. They are a part of a community which is predominantly non-Christian but in the relation of good neighbors.

Most of the patients in a hospital in China, in India or anywhere else are not Christians. Most of the students in the schools are not Christians. Difference of religion is no bar to helpful service or to friendship. In this situation the communication of religion is normal and devoid of violence or pressure. The truth of the teaching itself and the quality of life exhibited by the Christian make their own appeal.

I wish I could convey to people at home another impression I got of the missionary in his relation to the community. Wherever I went

I sought interviews with leading citizens both Christian and non-Christian, especially the latter. I wanted to know how Christianity looked to the informed non-Christian.

I was amazed at the wide acquaintance the missionaries have. Most of the people I wanted to see they knew personally and could persuade to talk with me. Government officials, mayors, university presidents, scholars, religious leaders, distinguished citizens, all seemed to be accessible to the missionary.

At the same time I was taken into the humblest village and laborers' homes where the latch-string always seemed to be out to the missionary. I do not believe that there is any class of foreigners in the countries of the Orient who know the life and soul of the people as do the missionaries.

There seems to be a very low percentage of misfits. I guess those who do not belong do not stay very long. But I could name a long list of men and women who not only seem to be rare Christian persons but who seem to fit their jobs as though they had grown into them, as in fact they have.

DEVOLUTION WILL TAKE TIME

I started out with two very clear ideas about the progress of missionary work, one of the progress of devolution and the other of the indigenous Church. It became clear to me that devolution, that is, the transfer to nationals of leadership and control of the Christian movement, is a more complex and difficult process than I had thought and one that will take more time. I cannot here give the reasons for this but I shall

say that it is not due to deficiency in the Christian quality or the natural ability of Japanese, Chinese and Indian Christian leaders. It is due in part to the financial dependence upon the western Church, but that is not all and the financial assistance of the West will be needed for a long time if progress already made is not to be lost.

As regards the emergence of an indigenous Christianity in those countries very little progress has been made. Perhaps the biggest gain is that the idea has taken root. But for a new religion to become indigenous in any culture is a matter of centuries; that is a plant which cannot be forced. It can be watered and cultivated and some pruning can be done. This husbandry has begun and the science of it is developing, but we must be patient in waiting for the results. Both devolution and the indigenous movement are there; they are going on, but they represent more complex and difficult processes than appear from the standpoint of academic thought.

CHRISTIANITY HELD IN HONOR

Perhaps the most pronounced impression that I got on the whole tour was the appreciation of the values of Christianity and the service of missionaries expressed by non-Christians. Even after discounting the courtesy of the oriental there remains a substantial tribute from thoughtful Japanese, Chinese and Indians to the spiritual, intellectual and social revival and reform flowing out of the Christian faith as it has been taught and lived by missionaries of the Christian Church. This statement I shall be elaborating during the next year by word of mouth and in print.

The Great Christmas Fund [Continued from page 543]

The Christmas Fund of 1935, amounting to \$63,327, has been distributed, after deduction of the expense of collection, in 1,300 Christmas and emergency checks. Christmas checks were sent to 741 pensioners of the national and state Boards of Relief and to 109 needy ministerial families not on the regular rolls.

In addition to the Christmas distribution, unemployed ministers in needy circumstances have been assisted, critical cases of illness have been provided for, a tiny home in the South was

erected for an aged minister and his wife at a cost of less than \$300, thereby relieving the Board of further aid, and, as an emergency measure, \$7,000 was used in maintaining the regular grants at their present figure.

The Christmas Fund for many years has been a strong, sure reliance of the Board of Ministerial Relief in caring for our beloved brethren and sisters in the ministry of the Church. It is the annual miracle of Christian Love.

New Methods for Old

At the American University in Cairo

By Paul Simpson McElroy

IN almost a century of mission work in Egypt less than a hundred converts from Islam to Christianity have been made, it is estimated.

That statement is not so surprising when one realizes that these Mohammedans not only have a religion, but have one to which they are devoted. Most of them are better versed in the Koran than Christians are in the Bible, and they are convinced that Mohammed supersedes Jesus as the Prophet of God.

And the famous El Azhar University in Cairo—the oldest university in the world with a continuous existence—has served, with its influence over thousands of students each year, to implant Mohammedan beliefs firmly in the minds of its people.

When one considers, too, that the illiteracy of the country has been unusually great, although it has been appreciably reduced in the last decade, it is no wonder that Christianity has not made greater progress.

Only after long years of experience have we come to realize that casting derogatory comments upon Islam only serves to antagonize, and that direct proselytizing only sets up an opposite reaction in the minds of the Moslems.

Is there not some more effective way of reaching them?

Dr. Charles R. Watson, President of the American University at Cairo, has with his associates been using a different approach to this problem for fifteen years.

In view of the fact that any Moslem who turns Christian is disinherited and socially ostracized, it seems unreasonable to the Moslem mind to reject Islam and formally accept Christianity. The converted man can as an outcaste among his own people exert little if any constructive influence upon them.

On the other hand, there are many Mohammedans who are in sympathy with what they have learned about the principles of Jesus and

in spirit are virtually Christian, though nominally retaining their Mohammedan identity.

Is it not permissible to ease the way for prospective converts? To build up goodwill among Moslems toward Christians? Will not conversion then mean much more to the individual and its influence count for more among his fellows?

Instead of using the methods of high pressure salesmanship to win a proselyte, is it not more Christian to try to exemplify the Jesus way of life among the Mohammedans and let any superiority of Christianity be made evident by comparison. Even if no converts should be made, is it not a Christian service to humanity to help bring a more abundant life to these people?

The medium through which the American missionary in Egypt has chosen to work is strictly educational. The American University at Cairo does not justify its existence on the ground that it may slightly decrease illiteracy but on the ground that it is an experimental school, where truth may be pursued, whether it be discovered by Moslem or by Christian.

Its educators believe that American methods of education are superior to those in El Azhar University and the government schools and they would like to pass on this advantage.



Paul McElroy gets a hump on in Cairo and sits for his picture



Athletics follow the Mission Flag on the A. U. C. playing field beside the University building

They also believe that Islam has much to offer Christianity, and that only insofar as there is a free, easy, mutual exchange of ideas can lasting values be derived. Christian evangelization depends not on superimposing Christian ideals upon resentful Moslems, but on exchanging ideas and letting the truths of Christianity withstand the attacks of doubters.

"A far-sighted Christian statesmanship," says Professor J. T. Addison, "will not regret the need for a change of method, for nothing in the long run could work more surely toward a new day for Christianity in Moslem Egypt than the novel effort to bring Christianity and Islam—their principles, leaders, tenets, and ethics—out into the open arena of discussion and appraisal.

"Never before, since the early centuries of Islam, have the followers of these two religions been able to enter into friendly discussions of mutual problems and to share, through criticism and appreciation, the best each has to give.

"If our best is better than their best we can ask no more than a free field and no favor. That is just what we are providentially granted in at least one strategic point—the American University at Cairo."

It is significant that within the student body are the sons of pashas, sheikhs, lawyers, prominent government officials, of the head of the conservative order of dervishes, and of the princess of a royal family.

"Last year," writes President Watson, "marked the introduction of alternative chapel exercises for those non-Christians who might object to an assembly which included hymn-singing, prayer, and Scripture read-

ing. Naturally, we were anxious about results.

"What was our surprise to find that of eighty-two non-Christian students sixty-seven preferred to attend the Christian service. To be sure, there were mixed motives in many cases—to be with the crowd; a preference for an English program, etc. Still, it proved the absence of any fanatical hostility to an avowedly religious program.

"Of the six students going up for the Oxford-Cambridge examinations five offered Bible as a subject. Of these, three were non-Christian; all of these passed with honors. I venture to give you two questions of their examinations and would ask you, whether as a well-trained American Christian you would be happy to be examined in Bible as they were:

"'In what ways did our Lord either proclaim or conceal His Messiahship during the period previous to His arrest?

"'In what respects did the compilers of II Kings and II Chronicles differ in their aims which they set before themselves in compiling their respective histories? Give illustrations of these differences as revealed by the contents of their books.'"

Under the auspices of the University's Division of Extension—which among other services makes effective posters and movies portraying the ways in which eye diseases are spread and cured—outstanding speakers have been invited to address large audiences in Ewart Auditorium: the head of the Nationalist Party, the leader of the feminist movement, the Egyptian attorney-general, the chief of the King's private cabinet.

With the coöperation of such important personalities the University can command the ear of the thinking public as never before. For the first time in history Moslem sheikhs and Christian ministers have met on the same platform publicly to discuss before mixed audiences vital theological issues.

Is not much effective work being done by this method even though no immediate converts are being made? Are not these missionaries laying sound foundations on which to build later?

The very existence of such a university supported by American philanthropies in a land where millionaires have not learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" is a tribute to Christianity.

How One Family Enjoys

George Hibbert Driver

HOW does one family enjoy the *MISSIONARY HERALD*? In somewhat the following way. In the effort to find a time to read this valuable magazine, the experiment was made of constituting the dessert period of the dinner a dessert "plus"—plus *missions*.

At about the time the main course is being removed from the table, the interval before the Spanish cream or jello or whatever it may be is seized for beginning the perusal of a longer or a shorter item in the *HERALD*, taking the articles in order as a rule. The *pater* pastor reads aloud. To the wife, moving from dining room to kitchen, or to daughter, he calls: "Can you hear?"

"Oh, nicely," she replies.

Then through the eating of the dessert, the welcome news, or Christian comments, or historical missionary memories of the *HERALD* are made a part of the mental fare. The perusal can be extended through the washing of the dishes.

Conveniently enough, it will be observed, the *MISSIONARY HERALD* presents with each issue some forty-eight pages, not all of them solid reading matter. By making the daily "portion" only two pages—occupying no more probably than ten minutes—the monthly issue is completed six or seven days before the new number arrives.

This gives opportunity for the supplementary "dessert" reading of the News Bulletins of the American Board as they are received, the printed letters from missionaries on the field, and such matter as may be chosen. (Oh, and the *back numbers you have not read*. You can go back.)

Moreover the articles of the *HERALD* are adapted in length to encourage such a "daily couple" of missionary pages; about two pages being the average extent; while many may be completed within the compass of one page. Just about enough for comfortable and profitable digestion.

It is obvious that the experience here recorded can only be duplicated in such families as are all together at noon—if dinner is at noon (so old-fashioned we are, down on "the Cape")—as, for instance, the minister's family.

The anticipation of the new number of the *HERALD* now becomes a marked feature of the family life. We look forward to its appearance. What we should miss if we did not make its articles a part of our spiritual diet for the day!

Such points of view as the contrasted attitudes of those who would make our Christianity as we "export" it in missions more—or less—eclectic. See Miss Dorothy P. Cushing's report of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar's repudiation of Hinduism ("*no good in Hinduism*"), page 199, of the May (1936) issue of the *HERALD* (also page 171, April number); and compare with the generous feeling and eager search after the good in other religions reported on in the Book Review of Fletcher Brockman's *I Discover the Orient* (page 226 f., May number, *MISSIONARY HERALD*).

The present writer's inclination trends away from too ready syncretism more to the Christian ultimate of the notable leader of the "untouchables" in India. This is the moral, however—from these new points of view we are helped to form our own opinions, to modify them, change them, or enlarge them. To be missionary-minded, in other words, in the best sense.

Such contributions to our Christian knowledge, again we would miss, if we did not read the *MISSIONARY HERALD*, as the meeting of the missionary doctors and the statement of their ideals (*MISSIONARY HERALD*, June, pages 270 ff.); the contacts with the missionary teachers and preachers at home and abroad (references to the *MISSIONARY HERALD* too numerous to cite, but see especially the *HERALD* for May, pages 213, 218; and the Camera News of the April issue of the *HERALD*).

The opportunity, too, to get better acquainted with the Christian poets of the East: Kagawa's

The MISSIONARY HERALD

method of responding to inspiration and inditing his poems (MISSIONARY HERALD, June, 1936, page 260); the achievements of the Indian poets, Narayan Vaman Tilak, now transferred to heavenly vistas of poetry, and his wife, Laxmibai Tilak (MISSIONARY HERALD, issue of April, page 149; of May, page 234).

The inspirations to American pride in the early urge of holy pioneers to spread the Gospel in our expanding borders: as the instructive and interestingly illustrated presentation of the Marcus Whitman Centennial (March and November issues of HERALD, *passim*); or, leaving the valiant effort to conquer our "Inland Empire" not merely for America but for Christ, to find the Christian pride, no national tinge attached, equally exalted by the account—in the March issue—of Capron Hall's One Hundredth Birthday, or the Doshisha's sixtieth year—or first "Cycle"—Celebration (MISSIONARY HERALD, November issue, 1935; January, February, 1936).

What a wide program of invaluable articles each annual index of these MISSIONARY HERALDS would show!

The limits of time and surplus of material to illustrate by will not permit us to extend the quotations further. Save only to admit, naturally, that with a daughter graduating from Mount Holyoke this year, the writer was particularly pleased with the June number of the MISSIONARY HERALD. And what a cover! •

How greatly do the beautiful cover illustrations add to the attraction and the joy of this monthly missionary visitor to our homes—and may I add here, in view of *our way*, to our tables.

The writer likes to recall reasonable satisfaction in sharing in the concurrent atmosphere (it is said, you know, that the same idea is likely to occur to a number of minds at about the same time), which led to the use of illustrations on our MISSIONARY HERALD cover.

As an experience growing out of the display of the MISSIONARY HERALDS on a table in the

vestibule of a greater Boston church of which we were at the time pastor, we found the sign bidding the members of the congregation "take one," ineffective.

Until one Sunday morning from the pulpit, we called particular attention to the several months' issues of the HERALD which were for free distribution and remarked:

"You do not realize, perhaps, that within the covers (they were then plain) of the HERALD there are not merely excellent articles but many really fascinating illustrations."

As we found, thereafter, a response to the announcement, and many of the HERALDS were taken, we inferred that an illustration on the cover would be a lure to many a prospective reader.

We communicated this experience, but it doubtless merely corroborated what had already been sensed, for in almost the next number the HERALD appeared in its present distinctive, and in the field of religious journalism—do we exaggerate?—almost unequalled dress.

In the field which it wishes to survey, the MISSIONARY HERALD is thus to Christian readers of our Congregational and Christian denominations, and it is to be hoped to a wider circle, what the *National Geographic* magazine is to the general reader of travel and description. Not so many illustrations but how pertinent and fine they are—and they, seemingly, grow better and better. Set the issues for the current year side by side, illustrated cover uppermost, and see.

A study, too, of geography is one of the great things about missionary knowledge. The reading of the MISSIONARY HERALD in this semi-after-dinner conference with the family makes a call upon one's acquaintance with the missionary locations of one's boards and workers.

Congratulations then Mr. Editor, and your coworkers; and may the mission of the Gospel thus beautifully presented by the eyegate induce many not merely to read, inwardly digest, but act upon the missionary information given us.

Camera News

By Dorothy P. Cushing



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS!"

This is the greeting from the young son of Dr. W. L. Tuan, recently of Lintsing Hospital, Lintsing, North China, and "This is the way we raise 'em" writes Dr. Alma L. Cooke of Tehchow and Lintsing hospitals.



WISTFUL WATCHING

"Come into MY hut and have a service," said Ma-Ndimande as she watched the Christian girls from Inanda Seminary on their way to other kraals. Then she added, hastily, "but not this Sunday, not today, for all the others are drunk." The next Sunday, dressed in her best beads, Ma-Ndimande greeted the girls. There were other women present and scores of children wrapped in dirty blankets or simply an indifferent air! They learned to sing "In My Father's Home." Only one little girl knew who the "Father" was, says Miss Minnie E. Carter. This youngster had been to Sunday School.

CHRISTMAS UNDER INDIAN STARS

So often you have heard of the pathetic, sacrificial gifts of the little Criminal Tribes children in Sholapur, India, at their "White Christmas" service. Here you see the service actually going on with a small girl saying her piece after bringing her gift. In front of her are the portions of grain, salt and other offerings laid on the altar of the Babe of Bethlehem who was born under Oriental skies.



PICK YOUR OWN

Criminal Tribes children at Sholapur, India, select their own Christmas gift from the table, the only present in their restricted little lives. See the wistful little lady third from the right.



THREE EXHIBITS OF THE FOUR H'S

Turkish village boys graduating from the American School, Talas, Turkey, with a knowledge of Turkish, English, History and a trade. The four H's of the American School, "Hand, Head, Health and Heart" have fitted them to meet life squarely, says Principal Paul E. Nilson.

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW!

"No matter what happens I'm going to laugh," says the sunny little daughter of Dean Theodore H. E. Chen, Fukien Christian University, Foochow.

BUT

"For Pete's sake, how can a feller help looking a bit glum the way things are going up my way in North China," asks the solemn young gentleman from Tehsien.



Gifts That The Wise Men Gave

By Mrs. Ethel S. Raymond

REVERENT silence as music of "Holy Night" is played once, then the leader repeats quietly and thoughtfully verses 3 and 4:

"Holy Night, peaceful night,
Guiding Star, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King;
Jesus, the Savior, is born.

Holy night, peaceful night,
Wondrous Star, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluiah to our King!
Jesus, the Savior, is born."

Dear Father of all mankind, at this Christmas season we offer our love and devotion to Thee. Let our love be shown in thoughtfulness and tenderness to those about us. Some of them need material gifts. Grant that our hearts and our purses may be open wide to such of Thy children as we can help in that way. Some of them need spiritual gifts of courage to overcome the sense of failure, to meet trials of ill health or broken homes. Thou knowest what their needs are. Grant that with understanding hearts we may give words of cheer and comfort to those of Thy children who need the spiritual gifts. Fill our hearts with the sense of Thy everlasting presence and teach us ways to reveal Thy presence in our lives, to those around us.

We ask it in the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

We choose for our Christmas reading the story of the "Three Wise Men" who came to worship the infant Jesus—Matt. 2: 1-12: "And they fell down and worshipped Him; and opening their treasures they offered unto Him

gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh."

I think there is a great significance in the story that Matthew has handed down to us. It is in the gifts that were a part of the worship that the wise men rendered. In the record of Jesus' life which is found in the four gospels, there are so few gifts which he received, so much that he gave. Nearly all who came to Him came to get something, not to give something. Even the alabaster cruse of ointment was the expression of gratitude for what Jesus had done for a sinful woman. But the story of this little baby, born in a manger, with none of the pomp that attends the birth of kings, is lifted to the plane of a royal setting because His wise and rich visitors not only fell down before Him in an attitude of worship, but opened their treasures and offered Him as gifts the most precious contents of their stores.

Someone has interpreted the meaning of these gifts as symbols of what all worshippers of God must offer if we truly follow the star of spiritual light and insight and are aware of the eternal values in the world of life.

Gold—the symbol of our labor, of our striving for material possessions. Wherever it represents the industrial world, commerce, laboratories, business of any kind, this gift symbolizing our struggle for material success can only be consecrated to the Master's use when we feel ourselves to be His stewards and use our money for the abundant life of all His children.

Frankincense — the sign of thought, the emblem of man's quest for knowledge and beauty. Of what use is our intelligence or our

talents unless we give them in whole-hearted generosity to the acquiring of truth, to the abolishing of ignorance and prejudice, to the solving of problems created by the forces of the natural world in which we live and the even more baffling problems created by the human relationships around us? Frankincense — symbol of intelligence dedicated to the Christ child on that first gift-day of our Lord.

And finally myrrh—token of love and the service of love, shown whenever and wherever hearts are touched with a generosity that is uncalculating: the love in our family life; the affection between friends; the charity that sees God and our Neighbor in one person and gladly feeds him, clothes him, visits him in prison, serves him in whatever way we can. Our hospitals for the sick in body and in mind; our schools not only in the public school system but those for the defective in sight and hearing; our parks and libraries, have grown out of the love we have learned to feel for our Neighbor. We need to feel that love much more keenly than we have ever felt it before, but gradually the social conscience is awakening and the myrrh of our love expressed in kindly service to all who need help is permeating the Christian church of all denominations.

Dear Jesus, Thou to whom the wise men brought their choicest gifts in adoration and worship. Give us also the will and the strength to dedicate to Thee the gifts of our labor, of our intelligence and thoughtful planning, and most of all, of our loving consecrated hearts. Use them for making a more heavenly earth for us all to live in. Amen.

The Hustling Son of a Disabled Prophet

IN another year James will finish high school in a small town in northern New England. Although he has the slimmest financial resources of any boy in his class, not one of them is more likely to go through college than he.

James' father is a disabled minister. For thirty-four years he preached to a succession of small churches which were never able to pay him more than a thousand dollars a year in salary. Ten years ago he was overtaken by asthma. His voice gave out and regular preaching became impossible.

Fortunately the family owned a little house and three or four acres of ground, most of it wooded. When he was a very small boy James was put to work pulling weeds in the well-worked garden which has produced a surprising quantity of food. Gathering eggs was another juvenile occupation of his. Some years ago he learned the art of milking the cow. It will not be long now before he takes over the most arduous of the family chores—getting in the winter's supply of wood. The custom has been for his father to hire some men to cut down enough trees to keep the family warm all winter and to haul them into the back yard, where he has cut the logs into the proper length for use in the stove. James has been helping with the sawing, and before long he expects to get into the woods and assist with the chopping. That will save quite a little money, which is a scarce commodity in this family.

James is the "trailer" of the family. He has one brother who is eighteen years older than he and married, which means that James does not get much aid and comfort from him—and five sisters! Many families regard daughters as expensive luxuries because their clothes cost so much, but these

Boys and Girls of America

A series of sketches of life in the less favored sections of our country suitable for use with children's groups in our churches

girls have been a great help to their parents and the younger children. The oldest one taught school, and shared her salary liberally with the home-folks until she married and began to worry about a family of her own. The next two girls managed to work their way while training themselves for nursing. One is married, the other working and helping. The fourth girl took after her father. After studying at Gordon College in Boston she has gone into home missionary work in a New England state. Her salary just takes care of her expenses. The fifth girl is now bargain hunting for a college education. Her policy is to go to the school where she can earn the most and spend the least. When she gets through she will have both a college degree and much training in how to take care of herself.

With such a well-established tra-

dition in the family, of helping yourself to an education, James does not see how he can fail to get through college somewhere, somehow. He thinks that he is as smart as his sisters, and then a boy ought to be able to do anything that a girl can do.

Through the years this family has had one friend upon whom it could always depend both for financial aid and "moral support." Our churches have established the Board of Ministerial Relief to look after just such families as these. Although the grant from the Board was never more than \$300 a year, and has had to be reduced because of declining gifts, the quarterly check has been one source of income which could always be relied upon. In addition, on Christmas Day there has always been an extra gift which helps to lift some of the burdens which always come at the end of the year.

As he looks ahead, James knows that he can count upon himself first of all to earn as much as possible of his college expenses. Then he feels that such of his sisters as are not hopelessly burdened with families of their own will help him as they are able. Behind all of these stands the Board of Ministerial Relief, which can be trusted to care for his father and mother while he is away at school, and thus relieve him of anxiety on that score.



Here is the family of which James is the "trailer"

Ten Miles a Day— and Across a Swamp

ALICE is a Negro girl who lives in Liberty County, Georgia, down in the southeastern corner of the state. The country is so flat that the water cannot run down hill; instead it gathers in great swamps.



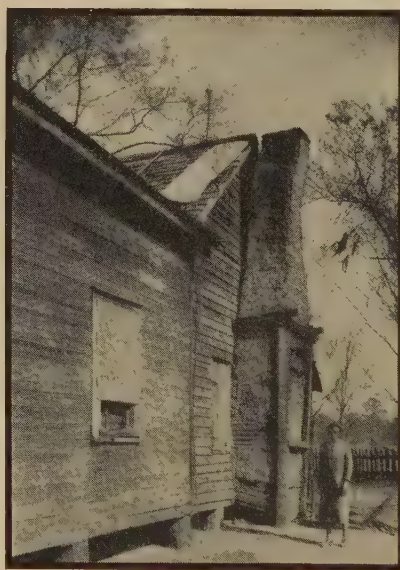
A bit of swamp near Dorchester Academy

Because the soil is both rich and moist it is a fine place for the great knotty cypress trees to grow. To reach Alice's home one follows the straight, level highway until you come to a little path leading off through the woods, and the swamp. It twists and turns so as to dodge the wettest places and emerges at a spot which is clear and dry.

In the middle of this open space stands Alice's home. It is a cabin made of logs which had been cut down, squared, and then sawed into great rough boards. Such buildings lack the substantial quality of a log house without having the snug comfort of one made out of seasoned lumber. The wind rattles cheerfully between the boards, and in the absence of plaster the people shiver when it is cold. And even in south Georgia there are "chilly morns."

The only glass in Alice's home is in the mirror! Carrying window glass through the swamp without getting it broken would be difficult, and her people have no money for such luxuries anyhow. The "windows" are square openings which are closed with wooden shutters which never fit very tightly. Comparatively little light gets into the house even in the daytime. Of course there are no electric lights. Such light as there is at night comes from the fire place or from candles.

Every morning during the school year Alice walks five miles to Dorchester Academy, which our



Glassless windows and chimneys made of mud are common features of Negro homes in South Georgia

churches maintain for the Negro young people of this section, and every afternoon she walks back again. Last commencement year she received a prize for having walked a greater distance than anyone else in the school. At ten miles a day for nine months this would amount to 1800 miles in the course of the year. If she had done all of her travelling in one direction she could have gotten from her home to Minneapolis.

But this walking achievement of Alice's was not really as much fun as it may sound. If she had gotten

up in a warm home and eaten a good breakfast before starting she would be prepared for the long tramp. Usually she has had for breakfast such cold vegetables and other items as might have been left from supper the night before. When nothing is left she has nothing. Sometimes she pauses to refresh herself on the way with a three cent bottle of pop. When she arrives at school she is too weary to pay as much attention to her lessons as she might.

But Alice wants an education. She hopes to have a better life than her father and mother. At Dorchester she is getting ideas about proper foods and the way to make clothes, as well as covering the usual grammar school grades. Possibly by the time she is ready for high school some way will be found by which she may live at the Academy. For the convenience of just such girls



She walks ten miles a day to attend Dorchester Academy

as Alice a "community kitchen" has been set up in which they can cook their own meals, using supplies brought from home so as to keep down the expense of their education. "Where there's a will there's a way." It is a privilege to help open doors of opportunity for plucky boys and girls such as this.

A Chilessso Mother

MOTHER, did you know that the white people are building some houses, big, big houses with three or four rooms in them, just over on that hill."

"You have not been over there have you, Nangola? Do not go near them: they may catch you and eat you. The less we have to do with white people the better it will be for us. We do not know why they have come here."

But in a short time some one came from the mission with an invitation to all of the boys and girls to come and learn to read the little marks they had seen in the stray books which had found their way into this village in West Africa.

At first they were very much afraid, but when a few courageous ones had ventured to respond others followed suit, learned to read and write, and heard stories, not of evil spirits and darkness and fighting which made one so afraid, but about a good Man who loved everyone, even the little children.

"Ah, mother, please let me go and learn, already Jamba can read the first page of the little book they gave her," pleaded Nangola, until her mother consented.

Nangola was very happy at the

mission; day by day her knowledge grew, until one day she told the white teacher that she wanted to be a disciple of Christ.

The years passed on, and Nangola married Cacine, one of the boys in that mission school, waiting two years after their engagement—her engagement "ring" was two yards of cloth which when wrapped around her made her a dress—because the missionary whom they had asked to marry them said "Nangola is only a child; I will not marry you until she is older."

The mission was moved to a new site when the two were married and they moved with it. Nangola, homesick at times, was very happy in the Christian village, it was so different from the heathen village she had come from. Then one day she "found a gift." A little son came into their home and their joy knew no bounds.

When this child was a year old, word came to Nangola that her mother was very ill. She asked her husband to let her go home for a visit, started on the three-day trip, carrying her baby on her back, and food for the journey and a blanket in a basket on her head.

When she reached her old village on the evening of the third day her baby was sick, very sick indeed, and the next day he died. She told her people that she wanted to bury him as the mission people did, for she was a Christian, so they helped her

**By Marion
Ingram Wain**

make a little box and cover it with cloth. Then she went to the grave and sang a hymn and offered prayer while her heathen relatives stood about in wonder, for Umbundu women do not accompany their loved ones to the grave.

She stayed on in the village for a few days, though her mother was better, for she feared going home to her husband without the baby; she thought he might blame her.

"You took our child," he might say, "to the home of your sick mother, and the evil spirit which was in her went into the child. Now it is gone and your mother still lives."

But she must return, so, as she set out again for the return journey, she began to pray that her husband would not be angry with her for what had happened. The answer of the father when he heard of the death of his son showed the change which Christianity had wrought in his heart.

"A mother loves and cares for her baby. If God has taken our son we will not complain."

So Nangola was able to show her heathen relatives how God can strengthen one in trouble and give grace in time of need. Today she is a source of help and blessing to the other women in the village where she lives.

Cattle?

YEARS ago, heathen men used to come to me frequently to complain that their "cattle," i.e. wife or daughters, had been stolen or had run away. Today one seldom hears the word "cattle" applied to women.

I believe that the policy of our Mission in placing special emphasis on the work for girls and women at

Mount Silinda and Chikore is responsible mainly for the higher position which the women of this land are coming to hold, and for the quality of many of our best Christian homes today, since the home cannot rise higher than the standards of the wife and mother in it.

During our annual Teachers' Conference at Mount Silinda this year the teachers were invited to ap-

**By Arthur J.
Orner**

point three members of the Educational Committee which will plan the work and policies of the schools.

I suggested, with some misgiving, that it seemed to me it would be a good thing if one of these members could be a woman. Good-natured titters ran through the Conference,

but when the nominations were closed four men and three women had been nominated, and in the voting Daisy Dube came second among members chosen!

Imagine! A woman chosen by the leaders of the people for one of the positions of greatest honor and responsibility in their hands! I think it was as important a landmark in the progress of these people as the election of Lady Astor to the House of Commons was in the history of England. Daisy Dube is the wife of the pastor of the Mount Silinda Church.

Here is the story of Taanacho. Five years ago when she was a student in the Training School, she became engaged to a young man who seemed to show great promise.

Her father was dead, so when

the engagement was made her uncle, a heathen, received the *lobola* which is always paid to heathen parents when a girl is married. This amounted to about \$130, which is a large amount among these people. Shortly after this the young man went away to work at Bulawayo.

After graduating she was sent here to teach at Chikore, and for a time was very happy until word came that her fiancé had fallen into heathen ways and was no longer trying to live a Christian life. She decided she could not become the wife of a heathen man—but what could she do? The *lobola* already paid made her legally the property of the young man, and she well knew her uncle would never consider returning it.

From that time she began to save

as much as possible of the money she was earning by teaching. After three years her fiancé returned and wanted to marry her at once.

She had already saved \$100; she came to us and told her story, saying she needed the other \$30 to return to her uncle so that she need not marry this man. We seldom think it wise to advance money before it is earned, but in this case what else could we do?

Going to her uncle she handed him the money, saying she would have nothing more to do with this heathen man, as she is a Christian and wants some day to marry a Christian man and to have a Christian home.

What character! What pluck and determination to live the higher life! Who says "cattle"!

Cowles Clinics

THE work of the new Health Center at Alexandra Township has grown enormously, in spite of the fact that the fate of the Township has hung in the balance the past few months, since landowners of Johannesburg have for years cast covetous eyes on this lovely hillside and valley, now occupied by non-Europeans only.

Attendance at the Baby Clinic held once a week has amounted to over four thousand. We are almost submerged by the school children who are practicing what we preached to them: that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

My growing-up babies—two, three, four years old—frequently run away from home to report some little scratch or burn to me.



There is Boy Nkuta, a little, lisping, three-year-old rascal, who came over the other morning. By using his fat little stomach as a pivot, he managed to climb up onto the bench in the examining room.

His head is shaved except for one woolly kewpie lock in front and he is usually minus his trousers, but once up on that bench he sits as solemn as a judge, and pulls up his little khaki shirt to show where the pain is. Hav-

ing been bandaged properly he squirms off the bench and goes home with his little friend of four.

And then there is Georgina, aged three also, with a dozen little pig-tails. She comes over to report the health of her small brother, but in her heart of hearts she comes for the candy. Her big brown eyes comb the room, looking for the sweet jar.

One of my babies, little Gideon, who always came singing Sunday school songs, has just died of pneumonia and mastoiditis. I am sure he is singing more sweetly than ever his favorite, "Joy, joy, joy, with joy my heart is ringing," but I miss him sadly.

[Continued on page 557]

The Light of the World

*A Meditation on
International Friendship*

By Mrs. J. Richard Wagner, Longmont, Colorado

Prelude: Send Out Thy Light.

Call to Worship:

I will bless the Lord at all times,
His praise shall continually be in
my mouth.

O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt His name to-
gether!

Hymn: Holy Spirit, Truth Di-
vine.

Meditation:

In William Holman Hunt's fam-
iliar painting, "The Light of the
World," Christ is portrayed with a
lantern in his hand, knocking at a
closed door. We see that the latch
to that door is not on the outside,
and that no one can open the door
but the soul within. The lantern
symbolizes Truth, Divine Love,
whatever Power can penetrate
through that door to the inner self.
Christ is the source of the light.

As children we loved to play with
mirrors in the sunlight, reflecting its
rays here and there. A little boy
once took such a glass down into a

dark cellar, closing the door behind
him and thinking that the darting
light would be even more effective
in that gloomy atmosphere. But it
didn't work! So we, in reflecting
the light of truth and understand-
ing, must be close to God, its source.
We cannot be separated from Him
by doors of selfishness and ill will
and race prejudice.

The God that made the world
and all things herein made of one
every nation of men to dwell on the
face of the earth. God asks not
what have I done for my soul, but
what have I done for the brother
souls He gave me. Wherever a man
suffers through the oppression of
error, of injustice, of tyranny, there
is my brother. A solemn mission is
ours: to prove that we are all chil-
dren of God and brothers in Him.

"Because the road was steep and
long

And through the dark and lonely
land,

God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

"Through miles on weary miles of
night

That stretch relentless in my way
My lantern burns serene and white,
An unexhausted cup of day."

—Joyce Kilmer

Prayer: Let the following
thoughts be a guide in our medita-
tions as we pray silently—

Our Father, we pray for all the sons
and daughters of men.

We pray also for ourselves, that we
may be worthy to be called the
children of God and brothers of
our fellow man.

We thank Thee that Thou hast
lifted up light unto us.

Break down all prejudice and suspi-
cion and ill will which keep us
from serving in the spirit of truth
and justice and light.

We pray this for the sake of Jesus,
our Leader.

We resolve it for the Peace of the
World. Amen.

(During the prayer let a hymn,
"Walk in the Light," be played
softly.)



Cowles Clinics [Continued from page 556]

For three months we had a per-
fect orgy of injections against en-
teric fever (typhoid). We offered
prophylactic treatment to all school
children because so many were be-
coming victims.

Much to our amazement, the idea
took tremendously and it has become
the fashion to get "injekshins."
Many of the school children have
brought their non-school friends for

treatment so they can join the grand
company of those who will be im-
mune from the "big fever" for two
years.

The income for the work at the
Center is gradually growing, and
now that the fate of the Township
is settled the Finance Committee is
going to go out systematically to raise
more money locally.

Johannesburg has never before

taken any responsibility for the
health of Alexandra, though hun-
dreds of workers from the Town-
ship daily toil in its kitchens and bake-
shops as well as offices.

As a starting point we have heard
today that the Municipality has just
recommended a grant of \$500 a
year. Of course that is not nearly
enough, but it is a beginning and we
are thankful.

When Mindful of the Havoc Rendered by Drought



Above: A cornfield near DeSmet, South Dakota, which was never harvested.

Below: And the rivers, like the rainfall, failed—as did this river near Yankton.

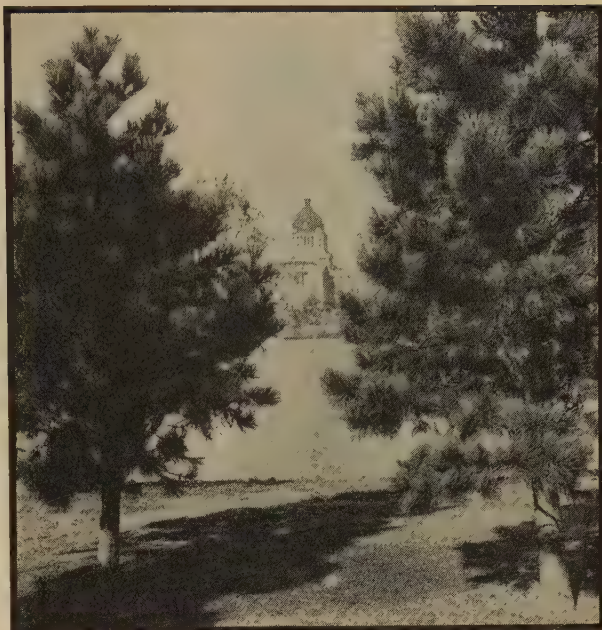


Remember the Christmas Fund of Your Ministerial Board

An Emergency Appeal To The Christmas Fund

THE Christmas Fund in promoting the object of the Board of Ministerial Relief, which in the words of the charter is "the relief of needy Congregational and Christian ministers... and, after their decease, for the relief of their needy families," has met successive emergencies as they have arisen—hospital and funeral expenses; support of orphans, and lack of income because of unemployment—as well as Christmas checks for all pensioners of the national and state Boards.

Now another serious emergency confronts our pastors in the Middle West. For three successive years, drouth, grasshoppers and dust storms have laid waste vast areas of what was once fertile country. The ground has failed to yield its increase for either man or beast, and our pastors in these rural commu-



This well kept park in Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, is a symbol of the refreshing spirit of the people of that state in the midst of drought and discouragement

nities, with their own gardens shriveled up and the members of their congregation unable to support even their own families, are facing a long, cold winter with scarcely any resources.

The churches in this area are utterly unable to pay their share of their pastors' salaries.

Vice-President Frazier, who made one of his first visitations among these churches, says: "For three weeks I visited these pastors in several states. I have been in homes where little children did not have enough to eat—where families of five without gardens or other resources have been living on from \$10 to \$15 a month. I have seen men trying to keep up the services of worship in a parish sixty miles square with a hundred-mile drive on Sunday, on salaries of \$1,000 to \$1,200 or less, months behind in its payments and weekly growing worse. Their courage, no less than their misfortune, haunts me."



In the area of drought the Missouri River is a mere stream in comparison with its normal size. In fact, here near Pierre, South Dakota, it is nearly dry, though lined with trees

In this emergency, appeal is made to our Congregational and Christian constituency to increase their giving to the Christmas Fund by at least \$20,000 to provide food, fuel and other maintenance for these families during the approaching winter. This means an increase in the Christmas Fund of about one-third. The total for 1936 must be lifted to at least \$80,000.

THE CHRIS

Where It Goes

By Ben



THE HOUSE THAT C.B.M.R. BUILT

For thirty-nine years he rode his circuit in one of the Southern districts, ministering to rural churches and isolated families who otherwise would have been forgotten. Now that he must give up, by the grace of the Christmas Fund he and his wife are settled in their own little home, with sufficient ground for a simple living. The plot of land was provided through the coöperation of one of the rural churches, a special grant from the Christmas Fund paid for the materials, and he and his lame son, with the help of an interested layman, put up the cabin of four rooms. The lot is planted to peanuts, and volunteer peanuts make the lawn. Mrs. B. weeps with joy as she realizes that her dream of a real home has come true at last.



AN EXTRA \$20,000 NEEDED

Pastors in the drouth-stricken areas of the Middle West are suffering severely because of the inability of their churches to meet salaries. Aid from the Christmas Fund must be given if these ministers are to be kept at work. Their courage is magnificent, but in many cases they will lack the necessities of life unless help is given. The Christmas Fund must have \$20,000 extra this year to meet this emergency.

A pastor of Swedish Congregational churches for 35 years.



For 45 years he served Indian churches in North Dakota.

A retired Armenian minister whose service extended over a period of 50 years.



She shared her husband's service of 36 years with one Slovak Congregational church in Pa



HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS

A retired minister in one of our southern states who became disabled in the service of the churches as he traveled over bad roads in all kinds of weather with his horse and buggy thirty years ago. He owns a small farm, but is so crippled with arthritis that he must hire what labor is done. A small grant from the Board of Ministerial Relief ekes out his tiny income. A generous Christmas check will provide some comforts.

"All Are O

MAS FUND

What It Does

water



MAKE THEIR CHRISTMAS MERRY

In fifty-two homes in the Board of Relief family more than a hundred boys and girls from babyhood to eighteen years are looking forward to a "Merry Christmas." How merry that Christmas will be will depend in great measure on the size of the Christmas check provided by donors to the Christmas Fund. Be sure that these fatherless children are included in your Christmas list this year.

WORKING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS

Widow of a Congregational minister who died in 1928 after an illness that exhausted the family resources. A talented musician, she readily secures pupils, but incipient tuberculosis makes imperative frequent periods of rest. Christmas Fund checks have carried the family through severe crises.



For 50 years with the German churches on the Pacific Coast.

An aged minister of our colored Congregational churches.



Widow of a Japanese pastor of a Hawaiian Congregational church.

Born in Hungary, he came to America in 1887 and ministered to his Slovak brethren for 35 years.



THE BOARDS OF RELIEF CARE FOR OUR WHOLE MINISTRY

PIONEER SERVICE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Born in Illinois in 1850, and married in 1877, she shared with her husband all his forty-four years of service in the ministry, which began in the pioneer days of the Middle West and lasted until he was seventy-one, when he reluctantly ceased preaching. Heavy losses which have come in the last few years have made her small pension and the Christmas check almost her sole income.



Christ Jesus"

Mid-West Leaders Meet at Lincoln

By John R. Scotford

NEBRASKA gave the Mid-West Regional Meeting the loveliest of Welcomes from October 20 to 22. The air was crystal clear, with an occasional nip to it, the abundant foliage was taking on a ruddy glow, while the people seemed to have agreed to forget about such things as drought and grasshoppers. The West is like a rubber ball—the harder it goes down the higher it bounces back! Optimism prevailed in October.

Lincoln is a city with two architectural masterpieces—the state capitol and the First-Plymouth Church. The capitol is by all odds the most impressive public building in America, with the low but widespread base typifying the prairie and the lofty tower symbolizing the aspirations of the pioneers.

First-Plymouth Church is unique among ecclesiastical structures. The ample grounds by which it is surrounded have made possible many unusual features such as the approach to the auditorium through an extensive patio, and the glass-

enclosed corridor from church to parish house. The sanctuary is made impressive by its deep-set windows, massive arches and the fascinating combination of blue and gold in its decorations. The entire structure is surmounted by a great tower supporting a carillon of forty-eight bells. At first the building is startling in its originality, but the longer one lives with it the more facets of beauty one discovers, and the greater one's love for it. It was completed in 1931, and since last spring has been served by Raymond A. McConnell, formerly of Brooklyn, as pastor.

The program of the meeting was unbelievably good. It was entirely innocent of anything like a flop, with each speech a little more of a surprise than the one which preceded it.

In the pre-session seminar Prof. Harry E. Bradford of the University of Nebraska analyzed the motives which bring men into the church and then suggested ways in which some indifferent members

may be built up into real churchmen. Frank G. Smith of Omaha followed, stressing the thought that one of the greatest services a man could render the church was to "fill eighteen inches of pew every Sunday."

The first afternoon was divided between the past and present pastors of the First Church of Oak Park. Albert Buckner Coe emphasized the thought that "the professional patriots do not know the heartaches of America," and then proceeded to analyze the economic causes of war. In response to a question during the forum period he told the story of how the American Legion stomped in during a worship service conducted by his young people so as to protect "Americanism" from an address by the Communist candidate for governor of Illinois who proved to be an ex-minister and a gentleman. Dr. Coe's final comment on the incident was, "I am very proud of my church."

Albert W. Palmer argued with his usual clarity that the five great religions of the world were not Buddhism, Mohammedanism et al., but Communism, Fascism, Militarism, Nationalism, and Materialism, and that the deepest peril to our country came from the dangerous attitudes of trust in violence, intolerance, and thoughtlessness.

At the men's banquet Tuesday night William F. Frazier made a plea for the organic conception of the church, while at the evening session Hugh Vernon White analyzed the needs of the orient and then showed how they could be met through Christianity.

Wednesday morning was given over to a "Missionary Clinic" con-



The Mid-West Regional was held in First-Plymouth Church, Lincoln, Nebraska

ducted by Superintendent Arthur J. Sullens of Colorado in which all manner of questions were put to the eight men who were "on the spot." The audience seemed to like it!

During the afternoon William F. Frazier spoke of the past achievements and future program of home missions and Leonard Outerbridge pled for a more generous support for all our boards. At the close of the afternoon Frank W. McCulloch of the Council for Social Action explained how coöperatives would help along the cause of progress, at the same time pointing out that they would not bring in the millennium all by themselves. That evening Superintendent Tyler produced an immortal limerick on Ernest Graham Guthrie at the banquet, after which the Doane College Players presented Fred Eastman's war play, "The Great Choice."

Thursday morning was given to missions. President Frank Sweeney of LeMoyne College told of how he had been impressed by the valor of the Negroes during the war and by the injustice of their treatment

afterwards in this country, and had vowed to serve them if the opportunity offered. The sequel was that in 1928 he liquidated his business connections and in 1929 went to Memphis to direct the destinies of what has proven to be the most rapidly growing college in the country. Dr. and Mrs. James B. McCord spoke impressively of their observations of Africa, while in the early afternoon President Stoffer of Madura analyzed India's outlook.

Religion had its inning during the closing hours of the meeting. Truman Douglas of St. Louis began his address with a realism which verged on pessimism, but concluded with an earnest call to faith. This was followed by Frank M. Sheldon who urged us "to do something about it" in words of transparent sincerity. At the final meeting E. Stanley Jones spoke on "Magnificent Obsession."

Other features were the devotionals conducted by Raymond C.



The delegates enjoyed the cloister and patio of First-Plymouth

Brooks of California, numerous women's meetings with Mrs. Marguerite Harmon Bro as headliner, and a young people's banquet.

The out-of-town registration tallied 427. The next Mid-West Regional Meeting will be held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and will probably be in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Home Boards for 1937.

The Laymen's Swanwick

By James F. Edwards

ONE of the most enriching experiences of my present furlough was my visit to Swanwick, England, to which the Laymen's Missionary Movement of the British Methodist Church invites annually as its guests all its men missionaries who are on furlough.

This "Laymen's Swanwick" was started over twenty years ago, and its educational and inspirational influence over the whole Church has been such that when the possibility of missionary retrenchment was made known a year ago to the rank and file of Church members, these rose to the situation so finely

that the missionary treasury reported at the close of the fiscal year an increase of over eighty thousand pounds.

In the first session each of the sixty missionary guests (there were over a hundred laymen present) introduced himself by a one-minute speech, and in the remaining sessions about a score of us gave fifteen-minute talks, illustrated from each man's own field, on such subjects as The Changed Conditions of Missionary Work Today, The Resurgence of Ancient Faiths, The Witness of the Church to its Faith Throughout the World.

After addresses, the Conference

broke up into smaller groups in which every layman had his chance to ask any question he liked about both the work on the field and the administration at the London end.

It is quite impossible to describe adequately what the annual "Laymen's Swanwick" has come to mean for the laymen of the church who for three days are in such close fellowship with their Church's missionaries; and the fellowship means just as much to the missionaries in the new grasp they are enabled to get on the home church situation—an ideal preparation for their speaking campaigns.

After three such memorable days

the laymen went home and their places were taken by over a hundred lay preachers from all over Britain, mostly voluntary workers and on the sunny side of thirty; the value of their three days at Swanwick as guests (most of them) of the Laymen's Movement, to them and their congregations may well be imagined. For the missionary himself the opportunity was priceless.

A panorama of the world's diverse civilizations seemed to pass before one's eyes. Never had the

present writer been so impressed by the weltering chaos of our present-day world as when these sixty missionaries painted their word pictures.

The amazing thing was the way in which Jesus Christ by His Living Spirit was seen to be actually solving the problems among these varied races: whether of the untouchables in India, the Black Folk of Africa, the suffering millions of China. He was seen to be giving power and peace in every conceivable

able situation in life; to be bringing unspeakable comfort in face of the national and international confusions of our time.

Whatever the opposing forces—materialism in the West, atheistic communism in the east, growing militarism everywhere—it was shown that whenever Jesus Christ is allowed to do His work by means of a worthy portrayal and a sincere acceptance, He is seen to be always victorious.

An Inter-Mission Office

By G. Ross Thomas

AFTER a series of preliminary talks and discussions by members of various Missions while on their hot-weather vacations in the spring of 1934 a conference was called in Bombay in July of that year to discover if there were not some ways in which the Missions could further coöperate to carry on their common task more effectively and efficiently, especially in view of the retrenchment that was then their common lot.

The treasurers of two Missions whose offices were located in Bombay city were already extending help to the treasurers of Missions located up-country in the sale of their dollar drafts, hence it was natural that the thoughts of the conference should first have turned to those business matters which all Missions have in common.

As a result of investigation and further conferences, it was decided to start a common office for three of the Missions, in the hope that the treasurers of the three Missions could do their own work better, and by their coöperation extend their services and abilities to serve

many other Missions as well. It was also recognized that even in the missionary enterprise there would be strength in union, and that much-needed fresh income could probably be obtained.

Since the inauguration of the office in downtown Bombay in January of 1935 both these hopes have been fulfilled, and the coöperation has extended to include 47 Missions and missionary institutions throughout India using the facilities of the office. More advantageous rates have been realized for the dollars and pound sterling sold in Bombay to obtain the rupees with which the work is carried on by the Missions.

The cost of remitting money to the up-country Mission stations has been reduced, and a very considerable source of fresh income has been realized through the coöperation by obtaining the regular agency commissions on the steamship passages of the missionary members of the coöperating Missions as they have returned to their home countries on furlough.

In addition to the money saving and money making aspects,

many new services have evolved to assist the Missions and missionaries to more effectively carry on their work. The treasurers of the three Missions who have been giving of their time and strength, and their respective Missions, have had not only the satisfaction of knowing that they were aiding materially in increasing the efficiency of the business affairs of the missionary enterprise and in enlarging their missionary contribution, but have obtained peculiar benefits themselves.

By having three treasurers as a minimum the office is assured always of having at least one man on duty, barring illness of all, so that when one is on furlough there are still two to divide the work to allow one to have a vacation (something a treasurer usually sees little of) or to travel outside Bombay on business, and to have the work of the absent men adequately supervised. This latter is a very important item, as provision for the work of the treasurer when he goes on furlough usually means that some preacher or teacher must largely drop his regular work to handle this during the furlough.

A Rewarding Investment

By Hazel T. Wilson

SOMEONE has defined a ceremonial as a spiritual obeisance to the created beauty of the world. My spirit bows before the created beauty of Pilgrim Place in Claremont, California, where my youngest daughter and I spent the winter months not long ago.

All through the winter a lovely yellow jasmine vine bloomed over the trellis at my bedroom door; from under it I could look away to the snow-capped Sierra Madres. We revelled in the fruit and flowers of our little garden, and over and above all, there were always warm, sunny skies—all the more wonderful by contrast with the rigors of winter in Illinois from which we had come.

The Pilgrim Place gates, a memorial to Henry Dwight Porter of China, are always open wide, and one enters expectantly into the twenty acres of gardens threaded

with walks and studded with attractive buildings, some thirty of them.

There are several four-, five-, and six-room cottages, completely furnished, at very reasonable rates, and ten larger homes built on the Pilgrim Coöperative Plan. Under this plan Pilgrim Place furnishes a lot more desirable and beautiful than could be secured elsewhere, and persons who want to establish here a permanent home furnish the funds for a house built always in accordance with a design approved by both parties. The builder receives a life lease; at his death the property becomes one more home available for other retired Christian workers.

Just opposite the main gate is a group of four buildings: the Mary Porter Memorial Hall, erected with funds provided by James W. Porter in honor of his sister who was

the first missionary sent out by the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, and containing the central drawing rooms and dining rooms of Pilgrim Place; the administration building, erected in honor of President and Mrs. Brooks; Hadley Hall with single apartments equipped for housekeeping and intended especially for women; and the Merritt Memorial Home, built in honor of his lifelong friend, W. C. Merritt, by Dr. Arthur Smith, veteran missionary from North China, who spent his last years in Pilgrim Place. As one passes through these buildings one can sense the generous spirit of the donors, and will remember the sacrificial lives they commemorate.

Not alone the buildings, the gardens, the glorious mountain view make Pilgrim Place, but with these the sincere friendliness, abundant joy and keen zest for life of the living and the influence of those who in the past sacrificed their all to a supreme devotion.



A Pilgrim Place group gathered to celebrate a birthday. We cannot name them all but Estella Coe of A.B.C.F.M. and Japan is at left end of middle row; next, Mrs. Whiteside; behind her Louise Bond of Turkey; beside her Laura Collins of the A.M.A.; next, Mrs. Ingham of Kansas; behind her in black, Susan Searle of Kobe College; next, Nellie Prescott of Mexico, also of the A.B.C.F.M. Mary Campbell, hostess, of Porter Hall, is in the group, we think, in front row

How clearly one recalls familiar figures in this Pilgrim group: Dr. and Mrs. Learned, those great veteran missionaries of Japan; triumphant Estella Coe, giving herself abundantly in spite of her physical handicap, and by her gracious personality attracting young and old to her little bungalow; Dr. Susan Searle, who for forty years devoted herself unstintingly to the girls in Kobe. And then there were missionaries on furlough, vibrant with zeal and fervor and eager to return—great world citizens, adding vigor and interest to the group.

Not only are retired and furloughed missionaries welcome in Pilgrim Place, but all, according to its charter, who have engaged in any form of Christian service.

Among these are Dr. and Mrs. Blaisdell of Claremont Colleges; Dr. George A. Coe, who continues to write in the field of history and religious education during his winters here; Mrs. Fanny Ordway, a sister of Dr. Ida Scudder; the retired ministers, Dr. and Mrs. Porter Hitchcock and Rev. and Mrs. James Greer.

It is quite fitting that Rev. and Mrs. John Rude, retired home missionaries, should live in the house by the side of the gate, for here she, with her gracious smile and friendly spirit, welcomes all who come within.

It would be impossible to think about the group without paying tribute to the genial and efficient executive secretary, Dr. Albert P. Davis, who, without remuneration gives generously of his time and strength.

So impressed was I with the number of those who had given their lives in Christian service that I was anxious to know how many years of such service were represented on Pilgrim Place today. Two thousand and ninety-two! And that, counting only one member of each family. One cannot go in and out of the homes of these great servants of God without feeling very humble indeed.

Those now in Pilgrim Place are not simply living in the past. No, indeed! A more alert and intelli-

gent group would be hard to find anywhere. Claremont Colleges, only a few blocks away, offer lectures, music, and entertainments of every kind. Claremont Community Church, with its manifold activities, makes its contribution to the life in Pilgrim Place which is full and stimulating as well as happy and peaceful.



Sample of Pilgrim Place cottages. Nina Rice of the Near East and her father and uncle

Every growing enterprise must have its plans for the future, its needs and hopes yet to be realized. Two of the needs of Pilgrim Place seem most urgent.

First, the general endowment has, like that of every other institution in these years of depression, become depleted. It needs to be replenished and increased. If an added three hundred thousand could be secured, living expenses could be reduced so as to come within the income of all who care to come; assistance could be given in time of illness; and a regular salary could be

provided for the management, heretofore a free gift.

Then, there is the equally urgent need that the Merritt Memorial Rest House should become what by its donor it was intended to be: a place of rest and recuperation with a moderate charge. There should be a resident nurse, a housekeeper, and an endowment of some thirty thousand dollars to provide for needed service.

Most of those in Pilgrim Place live on slender pensions or other incomes so small that the care and expense in time of illness become very burdensome for both individuals and their nearest kin. The blessings of skilled care, hospitals, rest homes, can be available only at great cost. Therefore the Merritt Memorial Rest Home should be speedily made available.

One cannot think of a place where the returns on investment would be greater than in Pilgrim Place. To one who has been privileged to spend weeks in this truly wonderful spot it seems that there could be no more worthy and alluring cause than adding to the comfort and joy of these Pilgrims of the Cross.

To go to Pilgrim Place is a pleasure; to be there is a joy; to come away and remember is a blessing. We urge those who have not been to make the journey soon, to see it for themselves.

Pilgrim Fellowship Pointers

By Harry T. Stock

WE have a growing sense of "movement" among the young people of our denomination. In many parts of the nation, the results of Lakeside are apparent. State and associational committees are projecting plans by which they hope to unite all types of young people's groups in common projects.

The local churches, as they come to the end of one year, will want to know what the specific emphases for the next year are. The following outline gives a sketchy answer to the question of what the Pilgrim Fellowship program for 1937 will be.

1. *The Pilgrim Fellowship on the March.* This will be the emphasis during January, an emphasis through which young people take

stock of their inner resources and look out upon the difficult problems which this generation faces.

2. *Pilgrim Fellowship Week, or, Young People's Week.* Throughout the nation the week of January 31 through February 7 will be observed as a week of youth activity. Detailed suggestions will appear in *The Pilgrim Highroad.*

3. *The Negro in America and*

Africa. During February, an intensive study of the Negro in our own land and in Africa will combine a missionary and social action emphasis. *The Pilgrim Highroad* will provide the needed materials. Additional help may be had from both the Council for Social Action and the Missions Council.

4. *The Fellowship of Prayer during Lent.* A strong effort will be made to increase the use of the Fellowship of Prayer by young people. The materials, written by Dean Sperry, are excellent and will be equally adapted to young people and adults.

5. *Christian Beliefs.* The four Christian Life topics during March

deal with fundamental Christian beliefs. These should be used in every young people's society.

6. *Use of "The Pilgrim Highroad."* No group, desirous of participating in the program of the Pilgrim Fellowship can do its best work without *The Pilgrim Highroad*, the magazine which contains the discussion materials, the current program suggestions month by month, and a new page of plans that have been tried by churches in various parts of the nation. If we are to have a young people's movement, we must have this magazine in many of the homes of every parish in the nation.

7. *Summer Conference Repre-*

sentation. Not later than April, churches should make definite plans for representation at the summer conferences. The effort is not to secure a larger registration; rather it is to have every church in every association represented by its most competent young people. Alongside of this, there must be a greater emphasis upon the training of adult leaders in summer schools.

This seven point program, which will be the basis of associational and state activity for the first four months of the new year, is recommended to pastors and leaders of our churches as they project their work for 1937.

A Herald Screen

By Emily F. Bostwick

MANY magazines these days have enticing covers, but none has more beautiful or to-the-point ones than THE MISSIONARY HERALD. All these last years when they have been so colorful I have had an idea that I wanted to carry out.

A la Samantha Allen, "if I do say it as hadn't oughter," the screen I have made is very pretty. Having a very definite idea of what I wanted I set out to find a frame. But, "Oh no, there is no call for them, and we do not carry them."

When about ready to give up I passed a "rummage sale" put on for a most worthwhile charity, a really splendid home for orphan children. I walked through and espied the lady cashier with a screen behind her table. It was just what I was looking for.

"Is that for sale?"

"It is."

"How much?"

"Seventy-five cents." . . .

Mounting my pictures was a joy, and varying the colors. The suggestion was made that a coat of

shellac would be ideal, and knowing that all new books—of all colors—are shellacked in libraries without bad effects, I proceeded to do the trick to my screen.

But don't you risk it! Printer's ink in varying tones is a bit eccen-



Screen covered with covers of the "Herald," as used by Miss E. F. Bostwick of San Jose, Cal.

tric. Perhaps missionary magazines do not approve of alcoholic drinks! Some good old pious colors did not object, and some went clear out! One that had been ideal in its blues, wept blue tears down its face.

So, as I could not tell without trying, which approved and which were prohibitionists, I decided the others would not even have a chance to express themselves. I put new covers right over those that had been too ill to recover. Still, we did think a finishing coat would be worth while, and someone had a bright idea and suggested floor wax. It was the thing!

My screen is going to the Church to live, and is to adorn one of the parlors which is used for Primary Department Sunday School, for Scooby Club, and often for our Monthly Kingdom Extension (women's foreign and home missionary organization) meetings. The room has recently been rejuvenated by freshened walls and pretty curtains, and I think they will welcome the screen.



Ashley Day Leavitt Testimonial Dinner
Westminster Hotel - Boston - Oct. 27, 1936

Atlas Photo
115 Dartmouth
for Ashley House

The Prudential Committee of the American Board gives a dinner to Dr. Ashley Leavitt, its retiring chairman
(See bottom next page for names)

After Seventeen Years

By Ashley Day Leavitt

LOOKING back over seventeen years of membership on the Prudential Committee of the American Board I am impressed not by the thought of any service rendered but by the wonderful opportunity to myself which those years have meant. I count it one of the major educational experiences of my life.

In this association I have been exposed to the high courage, the wide vision, and far-reaching faith of the men and women whose lives have been centered in our world-wide Christian enterprise.

I have often been conscious in coming to one of the Committee meetings, of leaving the provincial rounds of parish life and coming to a room whose windows literally look out upon the wide world. In an ordinary meeting tidings are brought in from distant, little known, and picturesque parts of the world.

I have realized again and again what a wealth of detail, economic, social and spiritual, in the lives of

foreign races and tribes pass in review in the study of our missions, and workers who represent us in these distant fields. I have felt like a school child listening to the reports of our Secretaries who were perfectly at home in their knowledge of the countries with which their portfolios have been especially concerned.

I can remember meetings which have seemed to be a series of graphic pictures of life in countries I have never visited. I shall always consider that in the direct and simple addresses made by the missionaries who have been our guests at Committee meetings I have heard the most effective missionary appeals ever given.

These men and women coming to us week after week with their reports of work done, their appeals for support, their hearts all absorbed in the work to which they were giving everything, have deepened the conviction of which I have often spoken that the most

potent argument for missions is a life devoted to the cause.

There are so many phases of the history of the Prudential Committee during these seventeen years which have been intensely interesting that I can speak of but one and that an outstanding feature.

I shall always feel that I have been most fortunate in serving on the Committee when a great triumvirate of Christian leaders was at the height of its powers. James L. Barton, for whom we had an impressive memorial service a week ago, William E. Strong who passed on some years earlier, and Cornelius H. Patton (still living and occasionally honoring us with his presence) these three men in the discharge of their duties have made an impression which is part of my life.

In intellectual grasp, in understanding of human problems, in passion for truth, and always in modesty, courtesy and kindness these men have been the match of any men I have ever known in any fields. To have watched them with the full measure of their great abilities so given to the cause of world Christianity has been a rich privilege. [Continued on page 570]

List of Names of Dinner Guests

- | | | |
|---|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Mrs. Robert L. Bowen, Cal., Vice-President American Board. | 13. John G. Talcott, Conn. | 30. Vice-President Boynton, N. Y. |
| 2. President Potter. | 14. Executive Vice-President Goodsell. | 31. Dr. Raymond B. Walker, Ore. |
| 3. Dr. Leavitt, retiring Chairman Prudential Committee. | 15. Mrs. Herman F. Stark, Minn. | 32. Mrs. James S. Allen, Mass. |
| 4. Chairman Gates, chief guest of the evening. | 16. Mrs. Everett E. Kent, Mass. | 33. Mrs. Chester M. Grover, Mass. |
| 5. Mrs. Potter, guest. | 17. Dr. George W. Owen, guest. | 34. Lucius E. Thayer, Mass. |
| 6. Vice-President Elizabeth J. Hurlbut, Ill. | 18. William C. Heath, N. H. | 35. Secretary Medicott. |
| 7. Secretary Clark. | 19. Secretary Eddy. | 36. Mrs. George R. Wilson, Ill. |
| 8. Secretary Ward, Clerk of Prudential Committee. | 20. Secretary Cushing. | 37. Miss Amy O. Welcher, Conn. |
| 9. Arthur Y. Meeker, N. J. | 21. Secretary Fairfield. | 38. Secretary Bell. |
| 10. Dean Taylor, Neb. | 22. Chase Kimball, Conn. | 39. Miss Louise C. Hazen, Vt. |
| 11. Secretary Case, Assistant Clerk of Prudential Committee. | 23. Charles H. Fahs, guest. | 40. Secretary Uline. |
| 12. State Superintendent McKinley, R. I. | 24. Mrs. M. T. Morrill, Ohio. | 41. Benjamin W. Guernsey, Mass. |
| | 25. Dr. W. Frederick Bohn, Ohio. | 42. Mrs. Horace F. Holton, guest. |
| | 26. Mrs. Warner James, N. Y. | 43. Dr. Holton, Mass. |
| | 27. Dr. Charles W. Helsley, Mich. | 44. Dr. Milo E. Pearson, Mass. |
| | 28. Assistant Treasurer Keith. | 45. Secretary White. |
| | 29. Treasurer Belcher. | 46. Mrs. J. C. Miller, N. J. |
| | | 47. Secretary Emerson. |

I think of myself as a reasonable man and a man of reason. I have sometimes thought that I hold no conviction that has not come to me through the process of reason. I like to argue for missions and believe that it is very important that the missionary cause be presented in the soundest possible way so as to appeal to the intelligence. I have thought that I know the best reasons for the missionary enterprise.

I am thrilled by such talk as Hugh Vernon White gives us, and yet I know, as I examine my own vital convictions, that in large measure they are what they are because of the impression made on me by these three commanding men in action.

As to the future of the American Board, I believe that our world Christian work holds the key to the recovery of a vital Christian life in the churches. We have passed through a period when we have been conserving our forces at home, trying to protect and foster our manifold work in a thousand cities and towns.

Inevitably we have grown somewhat narrow and provincial in this concern for our home fields. Our philosophy has been that when recovery has at length come to the local churches, then an overflow may reach out and strengthen the world missions.

I do not believe it is going to come that way. Our home churches are never going to be vitalized

around a narrow "stay-at-home" idea of religion. Nothing less than an ideal which means the universality of Christianity will call our home churches into full life and action.

We have much to learn as to the content of a universal Christianity. That is the very business and romance of missions. There is always new light to be shed on the meaning of our faith from these contacts with new peoples and strange cultures, but only a world Christian ideal can rally and galvanize our home churches into life.

Therefore the American Board does not wait on the churches. The churches wait upon the American Board. Our American Board is in the lead and must stay in the lead for the Church's sake.

Further Tributes to Dr. Barton

By Arthur J. Brown — for the Mission Boards

The bereavement of the Congregational churches in the death of Dr. James L. Barton is shared by multitudes in other communions. He was honored and loved as a man of notable beauty of Christian character, a missionary administrator of wide experience, an author whose books and articles were widely read, a philanthropist whose breadth of sympathy was illustrated in his leadership of the Near East Relief, and a counsellor in interdenominational affairs whose ability and wisdom made him one of the Elder Statesmen in the national and international councils of the missionary enterprise.

He was one of the original members of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, which represents the boards and societies of Foreign Missions of nearly all denominations in the United States and Canada. He served at various times

as its president, the chairman of its Committee of Reference and Counsel, and as chairman or member of other important committees.

He realized the futility of expecting that the stupendous task of evangelizing the world can be accomplished by churches which operate independently of each other, duplicating effort in some fields, neglecting others, and having no common policies or objectives. He therefore gave full sympathy and active support to the modern movement for union and coöperation in missionary work which has made such notable progress in recent years.

His retirement from active service, at the age of seventy, did not lessen the concern with which he noted the retrenchments which world-wide conditions forced upon the American Board in common

with all other missionary agencies; but his faith did not falter. He knew that however severe the decline, whatever readjustments might become necessary, the work would go on. God's purpose would not fail and a better day would dawn.

It was a great thing, not only for the American Board but for the boards of other denominations, that a man of his clear vision and catholic spirit was for a generation an influential factor in the missionary activities of the American churches.

We who were often associated with him in various committees and other organizations sorely miss him; but we thank God for his long and eminently useful life, for all that his friendship meant to us, and for all that he did for the welfare of humanity and for the advancement of the cause of Christ.

ON July 21 last when in a Boston hospital James Levi Barton passed away, Asia and Africa lost an ambassador of the Christ of the Indian Road and all other roads; Christendom of the Protestant type of faith lost a champion of Foreign Missions, of Christian Education, of International Peace; Congregational and Christian Churches of the United States lost a leader of Christian enterprise; The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions lost a Missionary and a Secretary; and God's children of the Armenian blood lost a friend. Upon the last phase of the career of this man, I add a few words.

To very few persons of a different race it has been granted to know the Armenian people as James Barton came to know them. He knew them in the land of their nativity—Armenia; in the land of their adoption—the United States; in the lands of their exile—the Diaspora.

For nine years, 1885-1894, as a Missionary of the American Board with his residence in Harpoot, he had a rare opportunity to observe them at close range, living in their midst, speaking in their tongue, touring through their towns and villages, conversing with their intellectuals, preaching in their churches, teaching in their theological seminary, presiding over their college. He loved them, and they loved him. It was a dark day for Armenia when his wife's ill health compelled the Barton family to trek their way back toward America.

Man's disappointment spells God's appointment. James Barton, established in the Congregational House of Boston, found himself now in touch with an Armenian community spread out over the space of

the United States. His intimate knowledge of them in Armenia, his genuine appreciation of them as an ancient people of culture, his human sympathy with them in the cruel plight imposed on them by the inhuman government of Turkey, his own native qualities of mind and heart, combined with the eminent prestige of an American Board Secretary, automatically rendered him a Father Confessor and a Chosen Counsellor to all classes and conditions of Armenian humanity in America. The merchant, the farmer, the factory hand, the professional man, the ecclesiastic, the man contemplating making a will, the woman needing medical care, all learned the path to 14 Beacon Street, and to all he gave what he had. In a thousand Armenian homes between Massachusetts and California the Barton name became a household word. It appeared almost a second installment of the missionary career interrupted in Harpoot.

The test hour came in 1915 which quite properly has been called the Blackest Page in Modern History. What then transpired in Armenia and Cilicia made the devils smile and the angels weep. The one cheerful word that can be spoken is, that when the powers of hell were let loose upon a defenseless population in yonder Turkey, here in America it caused the church's hidden resources of love to be released in an unprecedented manner and measure. The Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, later transformed into the Near East Relief, sprang into being to be the ministering angel of the victims of Turkish savagery. If figures can tell a story, 1,500,000 lives were rescued; 132,000 orphans were cared for; 12,500,000 mouths were fed; 6,000,000 cases were handled at clinics. How

was all this made possible? By dollars and brains joining hands. Cleveland H. Dodge heading the caravan, America gave \$100,000,000. As for the genesis and execution of the idea, the honor largely must go to James Barton. What did he do? What didn't he do! he spoke; he wrote; he travelled; he organized; he directed; he supervised. Nothing was left undone to comfort a betrayed and crucified people. It was during that period that he came into my own life when, through the generosity of my church, I became an unpaid worker of the Near East Relief, shuttling back and forth all over the country, occasionally touching elbows with him and always being inspired by his spirit. In a final appraisal the Near East Relief may not be judged as the supreme achievement of his life, but it certainly was an achievement of the first magnitude, worthy of the man, of America, of the Christ of the Armenian Road.

The time will fail me if I tell the story of his post-war activities when another aspect of his personality came into prominent evidence. The Missionary and the Secretary came out a statesman of no mean quality. As an unofficial adviser of Woodrow Wilson he played an important role in determining America's foreign policy toward Turkey; and in his official capacity as the Secretary of the American Board he sponsored and nursed a new departure in Missions—the Turkey Mission. Some of his Armenian friends including the present speaker honestly differed with him in both lines. Perhaps it was an error of judgment on his part. Or perhaps his vision saw too far into the future where they could not follow him. None but the Lord can tell whether he or they were correct. One thing is certain. He proved himself a man of patience

*Spoken at the Barton Memorial Service, Boston, October 25. See page 576.

and tolerance toward his critics and a man of steadfast and unextinguishable devotion to the martyred race of Armenia. He never lost his first love, and they never lost their admiration and reverence for the great soul. In the memory of the Armenian people two foreign names will ever remain joined together in deathless love and friendship to Armenia in her day of fiery trial. They are James Bryce of England and James Barton of America.

I last heard his living voice seven years ago. As we faced each other at the entrance of the elevator in the Congregational House, in his genial way he said in substance: "What you have been saying to your Armenian churches in New England this year we would like to have you say also to our American churches." Our last contact was by mail this year a few weeks before the end. It was his reply to a letter seeking his advice in the

case of Maritsa, an Armenian orphan girl in Beyroot. On both occasions he acted in his characteristic way. Everywhere and always he was the man of the Big Heart which never failed to pulsate with love for God's Armenian children.

"There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John." Permit me to read it again with the change of one word. "There came a man, sent from God, whose name was James, James Levi Barton."

AT the village of the New Tribe, the work went on under the skillful direction of the missionary who had been trained in construction work. A whole section of the forest came to the ground, tree after tree. One cabin covered with bark from the trees served as the home of the missionaries, other cabins were the school, the dormitory, the shelters for the workmen. The religious services were well attended. But not a Fang had yet entered the New Tribe.

Amyéne, son of the chief Mémyagha, was no longer able to count the number of his seasons on the fingers of his hands and the toes of his feet. And yet that number would have been considerable, since each of his hands had six fingers and each of his feet, six toes. An extra digit had grown beside the five usual ones on each of his four members. Among the men of the village, Amyéne was a handsome warrior. He had already taken part in several forays and battles, and had shown himself brave and skillful.

He had killed, and, along with his brother, he had eaten.

He had only one wife, Esiméyo. His father had a good dozen of

Amyéne and War *

them. Amyéne did not work for the white men, since he was the son of a chief. But he often went to see the missionaries; he chatted with them and he attended their services.

One day he came to where the men were clearing away the brush. His face was gloomy, his tone dissatisfied.

"O missionary," he said, "you are not good."

"And what have I done?"

"See here. All these people who work for you—when the moon goes out you give them whatever they would like to have, and I, the son of the great chief, you give me nothing. O missionary, you have a bad heart."

"No, and your heart is not good either. You see the great amount of work I have to do and you are not willing to help me even a little. If you would cut down a few trees, at the end of the month I am sure I could find something to give you, not everything you might wish, but something that would be reasonable."

Amyéne reflected a moment.

"Well, then," he said, "give me an axe."

The missionary gave him an axe, and Amyéne went at the work quite as well and quite as badly as the other workmen.

He had been working five or six weeks, when one afternoon the crew suddenly heard in the village, a quarter of a mile away, terrible cries and the shrieking of a woman. Some terrible tragedy had happened. A man ran down the narrow path and cried back the news from a distance.

"It is the chief Mémyagha, Amyéne's father, who has been killed. We heard a shot in the forest. We ran to the place. Mémyagha lay on the ground. We brought him back to the village—dead!"

Immediately all the workmen threw away their tools and ran toward the village. This meant war. Amyéne, the son of the murdered chief, started to run with the others, but the missionary stopped him for a moment. After expressing his sorrow, he added:

"Remember, God does not approve of war. God does not wish men, his children, to kill each other."

The missionary said nothing more; it was not the time to preach a long sermon.

*From Felix Faure's *Christ in the Great Forest*, a book of African stories published by Friendship Press, New York. Price, \$1.00. Quoted by permission.

The whole village was wild with excitement. The warriors brought out their guns, spread their powder out in the sun, and the medicine man began his war-magic. (The diviner is consulted upon all occasions. He is called, for example, to make known what name will be propitious for a new-born infant; to determine whether a journey or undertaking will be successful; to diagnose a disease, reveal its cause, name the practitioner to consult, and, in case of death, to ascertain whether it was due to witchcraft or other causes.)

The missionary talked to these furious men. Nobody listened to him. The thirst for vengeance filled their souls. The missionary proposed to go to their enemies himself to try to make some peaceful arrangement and bring the two groups together to talk the palaver. He knew that he was in no danger, for no one cherished any ill-will against him.

It was all in vain.

The missionary remained in the village till night. Then, realizing that he was accomplishing nothing, he returned to his house.

In the middle of the night, lying in his bark cabin, he noticed that someone was approaching. Someone was at his door. It was Amyéne.

"O missionary," he said, "I know what you said to me. I understand that the word of God has come into our country; we cannot live any longer as our fathers lived. So I, the heir of my father, who would be the one to lead the warriors of the clan and the village to war to avenge the death of my father, I have decided that we shall not make war."

"O child of God," said the missionary, "trust in God."

Amyéne returned through the night to his village.

Amyéne did not make war. But he had a great deal to endure. The men insulted him. The women abused him. They took his heritage away from him, the arms, the tools, the provisions that were in his father's house. They took his wife Esiméyo away from him. They took the twelve wives of his father, who were also his heritage. They wounded him with knives, not to kill him but to force him to go to war. They took away from him his scanty breech-cloth, no larger than a hand's breadth.

He fled, completely naked, covered with blood, to the house of the missionary.

He would have had to say only: "We shall make war."

They would have returned to him all his wealth and all his wives; he would have become again the great chief which he had a right to be.

But he never said this.

The missionary took him, bound up his wounds, gave him clothing, comforted his soul. Amyéne followed him like his shadow, day and night. His life was in danger, and if he was not shot or speared with a lance, it was because there was danger of wounding or killing the missionary, everybody's friend.

Little by little the excited spirits grew calmer. Esiméyo, Amyéne's wife, escaped from the village and rejoined her husband, filled with admiration of his courage, drawn by his love. Together they announced their wish to enter the New Tribe.

They were the first catechumens of the young missionary.

For two years he watched them, taught them, loved them. Then he baptized them and admitted them to the New Tribe. He taught them for a few months more, and at last he sent them as evangelists a distance of three days' journey into the forest, to the village of the

Esiküi, the very clan which had killed their father.

Three days away! They might have been killed and eaten, both of them, and the missionary could not have prevented it.

They knew their danger—yet they went.

They built their cabin. They built a little chapel which served as church and schoolhouse.

They were despised, beaten, robbed. They endured it all. They pardoned it all.

Several months later, they saw these Esiküi turn their hearts to God. Several of them entered the New Tribe, won by the testimony and the love of Amyéne and Esiméyo.

The evangelists were sent still farther away, to begin over again their painful and luminous life in another village of savage-heathen Fang. There also they might have been killed and eaten without the possibility of help from the missionary.

They knew. . . . They went, nevertheless. . . . They endured it all.

The years went by. Other missionaries came and went.

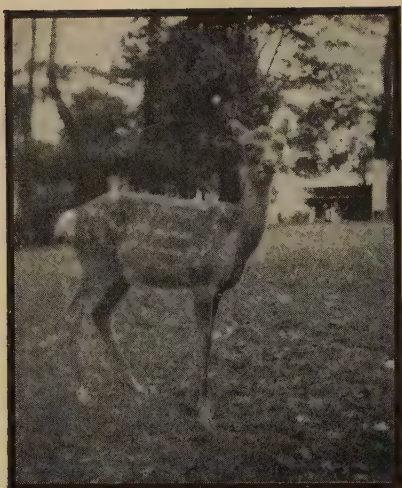
Some of the missionaries died, in the little village of the New Tribe, near the Esibéa. Hundreds and hundreds of Fang and Bakélé became members of the New Tribe.

Amyéne and Esiméyo never merited any reproach. They had nothing to do with fetishes, with pagan ceremonies, lying, robbery, cheating, adultery. There was never even a family quarrel; this wife never abused her husband, and this husband never beat his wife.

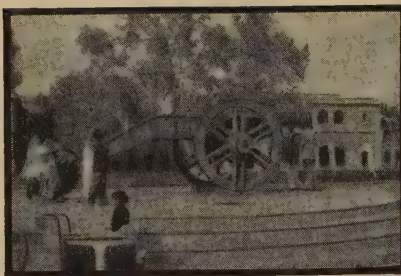
They became Christians the night their father was killed. They remained Christians.

They are old now. They have passed their lives in the service of God and their brothers.

They are happy.



*A Deer Beggar at the Park in Nara,
Japan*



*This is Zum-zum, the great brass
cannon in the public square at
Lahore, made famous by Kipling's
"Kim." It was under this cannon
that Kim was sitting when the
story began*

*Snapshots by Hugh Vernon
White*



*Principal Ma Ahung of a Moslem
Theological Seminary in Peiping.
There are thirty-six Moslem
mosques in the city, one for women.*

Book Chat

Books Received

Can China Survive, by Hallett Abend and Anthony J. Billingham (Ives Washburn, Inc., 411 East 57th St., New York, \$3.00). The authors, as Far East Correspondents for the *New York Times*, gathered most of their material in China for this book. Mr. Abend has been an eyewitness of the matter he writes about for ten years. He and his co-author try to show what the forces are that are seeking to separate or dominate the people; they also give Japan's reasons for her actions as secured from officials and from observation. Some chapter headings are suggestive: Ruling Without Liability; Unification A Myth; Always Eyeing Russia. Others promise greatly needed information: America's Stake in China; Extra-territoriality; Communism and China; Students and Educators; What Japan Wants; to mention a few. What Chinese students have been up against is vividly described. The brighter side of the picture is given in an account of educational progress, no summary of which "would be complete without reference to the 'Mass Education Move-

ment' launched . . . in the Tingsien district by Dr. James W. Yen," where "the entire population has been taught the 1,000 characters . . . fundamental for the education of the illiterate . . . Agricultural experts and experts in animal husbandry, public sanitation and elementary medical practice and nursing have helped to revolutionize life for the peasants . . . There are always an average of 200 Chinese experts in the county studying the system. Every month more than 2,000 Chinese educationalists visit Tingsien . . . to study the system."

A Revival Is Coming, by Roger W. Babson (Fleming Revell, \$.75) Mr. Babson is the president of the Babson Statistical Organization and his statistical U. S. Chart 1854-1936 appears as an appendix. He is the present Moderator of the General Council.

Born for Victory, by Albert Buckner Coe (Harper & Brothers, \$1.00) is the forty-second book in Harper's Monthly Pulpit Series: ten inspiring sermons by the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Illinois.

The Silent Oak, by Armine Gabriel (Fleming Revell, \$2.50) is the first novel we have seen which treats of the life of an Armenian family in quiet country places, in the years just before the war. We believe it to be unique, with its picture of such an unusual setting, its characterizations, its love story conditioned by strange happenings, its tale of adventure, its thrills, its Oriental flavour. The author was born in Asia Minor, went to England in 1911, joined the British Red Cross at the outbreak of the War and labored among British soldiers for seven years.

The Search for a New Strategy in Protestantism, by Ivan Lee Holt (Cokesbury Press, Nashville, \$1.50) discusses the part Protestantism must play in the modern world in order to hold its own; suggests ways in which it may be strengthened, and strongly emphasizes the need for the Church to work toward such objectives as a warless world and a more equitable economic order.

Africa View, by Julian Huxley (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50) is a cheaper edition for use in connec-

tion with the mission study program this year of the book published in 1931 and reviewed at length then. We quote: "His book offers fascinating and stimulating reading to anyone interested in almost any phase of life in Africa . . . Mr. Huxley has no patience with the men who shout for a white man's Africa, but he is equally impatient with those who take for a slogan 'Africa for the Africans.' He believes that both whites and blacks are needed there . . . Native education . . . can be the most important factor in the future of the continent."

Brotherhood Economics, by Toyohiko Kagawa (**Harper & Brothers**, \$1.50) is a development of the theme presented by the author in four lectures on the Rauschenbusch Foundation at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School in April, 1936. The original manuscript was in Japanese, written during his voyage across the Pacific on his way to America, and was translated into English in Japan and somewhat expanded. For the first time in book form he discusses the principles of Christian Coöperatives and prophecies concerning their development in the future.

Popular Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons, 1937, edited by Eugenia Le Fils (**Fleming Revell**, \$.90), meets a demand for a treatment of the lessons which would be suitable to the requirements of all denominations. The editor is known for her skill in giving just the information required to make the lessons interesting and informing, and for the spiritual quality of her interpretations. A Bible dictionary at the end is an aid.

Orient Seas and Lands Afar, by Rebecca Parrish, M.D. (**Fleming Revell**, \$1.00) a "different" travel book, written intimately, often amusingly, takes its readers to the Philippines, Singapore, Ceylon, Calcutta, Somaliland, the Sudan, and some of the less frequented parts of Europe.

The Untouchables' Quest, by Godfrey Phillips (**Edinburgh House Press**, London, one shilling net) is an account of the new opportunity in India among the Depressed Classes, their awakening becoming a challenge to the Christian Church.

The Hymnal for Boys and Girls, edited by Caroline Bird Parker and

G. Darlington Richards (\$1.10; in quantities of 12 or more \$.80 each) and *The New Hymnal for American Youth*, edited by H. Augustine Smith (\$1.15; in quantities from 12 to 50 copies, \$1.00 each; for over 50, \$.85 each) are published by **D. Appleton-Century Company**. The former was planned for primary and junior ages, and has a junior choir section with its special music, its processions and descants. The music has been kept within the vocal range of the age group; a high standard has been maintained. The second is planned for the intermediate and high school groups, and its subject-matter—social action, world friendship, courage, loyalty—challenges their interest. The many sections are headed in an unusual way: Community Love; Home Shrines; Good Workmanship; Friendship; The challenge of Service; and their like.

Singing Black, by Homer Rodeheaver (**The Rodeheaver Company**, Chicago, Philadelphia, free) is the story of an air journey by this "Missionary of Music" from Europe to the Belgian Congo. Fully illustrated.

➤ This, That, and the Other ➤

Slovak Church Needs

A Reed Organ

The Slovak Church in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania is greatly in need of a reed organ. Perhaps some church somewhere would be glad to send one to them without cost. Write to the State Superintendent, Rev. Wilson P. Minton, 1019 South 18th Street, Harrisburg, Pa. This church was hard hit by the flood of last March. Considerable money was raised in the state for this and two others similarly hit.

An Echo of Santee

An Indian girl who attended Santee last year wrote to Mrs. Hertz this summer: "They say that the ex-students of Santee never regret that they have gone there. I think that is true. It is not only the discipline which one gets, but the many other nice things which were taught. I am looking forward to going to school next year, but where? I like to go to school away from home because I like to have friends and to make friends."

Christian World Facts

is a small magazine for the exclusive use of pastors published occasionally by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America (156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., \$.20). In the autumn number there are two articles about the present outcaste situation in India, three about co-operatives, one about rural reconstruction in Lichuan, China, one about Christian hospitals in China, two Africa articles with a few on other varied subjects. There are digests of articles in foreign periodicals, pen pictures of mission work.

A Jain Sadhu

It was about four o'clock one afternoon that two white-robed figures—queer-looking indeed with white gauze masks over their mouths—entered the mission compound, each sweeping away the insects from his path with a soft brush made of feathery cotton, and approached the missionary's door. Mrs. Joseph L. Moulton of Rahuri, India, tells the story.

"We have heard that you are a religious man," they began, "and we, too, are teachers of religion. We come to talk with you."

Courteously the missionary pushed back the stacks of correspondence with which his desk was piled, and made a place for the literature they offered him. Then the chat began. For an hour the two expounded the tenets of their religion—Jainism—and urged its virtues on the listener. At the end of that time the missionary said:

"Now I have listened to you. Will you in turn listen to me while I tell you of my religion and my guru?"

"Surely, surely," and they settled

back into a comfortable listening position.

For another hour the talk went on, the missionary telling as simply and as graphically as he could the story of the Carpenter-guru. And when he had finished he said:

"I have taken your literature and I will read it. Will you take mine and promise to read it?" They promised, and left with a New Testament.

"That young man of nineteen," wrote the missionary in his diary, "has embarked on a course of the most severe discipline in India today: that of a Jain Sadhu."

Days, weeks, even months passed by and again the nineteen-year-old Sadhu stopped by. Alone this time.

"This book of yours," he said, "interests me. My friends in the town when they saw me with it, said, 'You have been to see the missionary and that is his Bible. You had better destroy it and have nothing more to do with it.' But I said to them, 'So far, I have found nothing false in it. Show me something false and I will destroy it at once.'"

But no one did, so I sat in the win-



dow of my friend's house on the corner and read, and no one said anything more." And he was gone again.

Time and again, postcards came to the missionary: from the north, from the south, from the east, as the young man traveled over India, always on foot; cards bearing a message like this:—

"I think of you always. I am reading your book carefully. We shall have much to say to each other when we meet again. I hope your work is going well."

Then one day came a card, written in a strange, almost unreadable hand, signed with a strange name and addressed just to "Missionary" with the name of the town and province following.

"Your friend, Rakna Rishi, died here last week. When he was dying he asked me to write to you what had happened to him, lest you think he had forgotten you."



We were misinformed concerning this band of singers appearing on page 446 of the October issue. They belonged to one of the independent churches of the Vadala District where the development of such singing bands has been a marked feature of the progress of the church

Barton Memorial Service

An impressive and uplifting service in memory of Dr. James L. Barton, member of the Old South Church in Boston and Secretary Emeritus of the American Board, was held in the Old South Church Sunday afternoon, October 25. Hundreds from all walks of life, representatives of the various boards and organizations with which Dr. Barton was closely associated, were present to do honor to their great leader.

RALPH CONNOR

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HIS EARLIER SUCCESS

HE DWELT AMONG US

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Millions who have enjoyed Ralph Connor's previous works will find in his latest the same fresh, crisp and terse style that gave world fame to his "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

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Why God Used D. L. Moody

By R. A. Torrey

The Shorter Life of D. L. Moody

By Paul D. Moody and A. P. Fitt

These two books will be given to the first 1000 ministers who will agree to conduct a "Moody Day" service on Sunday, February 7, 1937, and will preach an appropriate message in observance of the Centenary of D. L. Moody's birth.

*Write A. F. Gaylord, Director
D. L. Moody Centenary Celebrations*

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago
153 Institute Place Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Russell Henry Stafford, Dr. Barton's pastor, presided. The principal addresses were given by Rev. Manasseh G. Papazian, formerly pastor of Armenian churches

in Turkey and California, now of West New York, New Jersey, and by Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter, Dean of Hartford and President of the American Board.

A chronicle of Dr. Barton's life was read by Dr. Enoch F. Bell, Editorial Secretary of the A.B.C.F.M. and formerly Dr. Barton's associate in the Foreign Department of the Board.

A prayer of dedication was offered by Dr. Ashley D. Leavitt, pastor of Harvard Church, Brookline, and retiring Chairman of the Prudential Committee.

An honorary group of ushers included members of the Old South, secretaries of the Board, and representatives of the Near East Foundation and of the Armenian Community.

Personals

Rev. John Dube of Natal has had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon him by the University of South Africa—the first African to be thus honored. He was the son of a chief who relinquished all his rights to chieftain-



"Doctor" John Dube (second from the left) poses with the Zulu Regent (fourth from left). Mrs. Dube (considerably near the camera) is at the extreme right. Beside her is the Chief's wife. At Dr. Dube's left is the Chief's uncle. At his right a guard



Christmas Gift Books

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

By R. J. Campbell

Many lovely features combine to make this an outstanding Christmas gift book—the distinguished author's beautiful re-telling of the story of the Nativity, the wealth of old Christmas customs described, the modern Christmas stories, the old carols, Christmas verse, and Nativity plays. \$3.00

THE MIRACLE OF PREACHING

By J. Edgar Park

Written in a delightfully human and informal style, this new book offers much practical and helpful counsel on the preparation and delivery of sermons. An admirable gift book. \$1.75

GETTING HELP FROM RELIGION

By James Gordon Gilkey

How people today may receive that "power to live and power to die" which characterized many early Christians and shone with unique radiance in Christ is presented by this well-known author in clear, non-technical language. It is a stimulating and bracing guide to a better life achieved through the use of practical Christianity. \$1.75

OPENING ROADS

By Archibald Black

Dr. Black has had unusual success in the difficult art of "preaching" the principles and practice of Christian living to the young person of today. OPENING ROADS contains 41 of his addresses to the younger members of his congregation. A veritable gold mine of ideas and inspiration for ministers, teachers, and all those who work with children. \$1.75

THE GOD WHO SPEAKS

By Burnett Hillman Streeter

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ship to become a Christian minister. John Dube was educated at Am-anzimtoti Institute, now Adams College, of the American Board, studied in America and returned to Africa as a minister under the Board. He was first president of the South African National Native Congress, and has been president of the Natal Native Congress since its inception. He is founder and principal of the Ohlange Institute, the only Native school in Natal for higher education, and was founder and is editor of the Native newspaper, *Lange Lase Natal*.

Miss Helen Calder, just back from a year in China with her sister, Mrs. Thurston of Ginling College, and with other friends, gave her first talk in America at the annual meeting of the Corporation of the Woman's Board of Missions. She had formerly been its Home Secretary. Speaking of the problems facing China, she but mentioned her experiences in the flooded districts, in Szechuan, Nanking and in Manchuria through which she passed, coming home via Siberia, Russia, Finland and Sweden. She was the first woman to be elected Chairman of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

Rev. and Mrs. Harrison A. Maynard of Izmir, Turkey, arrived in October. They are a Kansas couple, both graduates of Washburn College, Mr. Maynard graduating from Union Seminary later. Their first term of service was in Bitlis of the Eastern Turkey Mission; the next five years were spent under the Near East Relief in the Caucasus. From 1920 to 1934 Mr. Maynard was on the staff of International College, and after it was closed stayed on in connection with the care of the property. Of their four sons, one has been and one now is, a term teacher in Turkey under the American Board.

Rev. Carl M. Gates, member of the Prudential Committee since 1925, has been elected its Chairman, to take the place of Dr. Ashley D. Leavitt. He is also chairman of three sub-committees: At Interim, Library, and Near East.

Rev. Russell Henry Stafford of Old South Church, Boston, was elected a member of the Prudential Committee of the American Board at its October meeting on the 6th. He fills the vacancy created by the withdrawal of Dr. Frazier.

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Phār'i-sees, which
ru'sā-lēm, saying,
2 Why do thy disciple
the tradition of the elde
wash not their hands w

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Rev. and Mrs. William W. Wallace of Madura, India, arrived in November. Mr. Wallace, an alumnus of Hamilton College, taught at Jaffna College in Ceylon for four years, before taking the course at Yale for a B.D. degree. In 1897 they received full appointment to the Madura Mission in India where Mr. Wood taught for some years in, and for five years was president of, the American College, Madura.

Eleanor De Remer of Andover, N. Y., has been appointed for a three-year term as teacher of Practical Arts in the Girls' School at Merzifon, Turkey. She is a graduate of Keuka College, New York, and has been doing graduate work this past year at Albany State Teachers' College.

Mary Eleanor Ringer, term instructor at the American Collegiate Institute, Izmir, Turkey, 1930-1933, married on October 15, 1936, Douglas Arnold Larson. They are at home at 2423 Southeast Main Street, Portland, Oregon.

J. Harvey Renfrew of Salem, Missouri, graduate of the University of Illinois in 1933, is going out to teach in the American College, Tarsus, Turkey.

Nellie Clark Tyler, daughter of Rev. Josiah Tyler, for forty years a missionary among the Zulus in South Africa, passed away in Hartford on September 26 at the age of 68. Most of her life had been spent in nursing, a profession she desired to take up even when a child as she visited in the Zulu kraals. Mrs. Martha Buckham, Corporate Member of the American Board, who died in 1933, was her sister.

In Memoriam

Frederique L. Neipp

Frederique Louise Heinrich, as a girl was prepared, all unknowing, "for the work our dear Lord and Master had in store for me." Born in Bergzabern, Germany, her childhood was spent in Alsace, where she received her religious instruction from the only Protestant pastor in the locality, became equally proficient in French and German, studied music (piano) successfully for five years, and was trained by her mother in all the housewifely arts.

After seven years in Paris, she came to America at the age of twenty-five. Here she joined the French evangelical church in New York, gave herself to various forms of Christian service, but "longed for more direct work in the Master's Vineyard... The call came different from what I had been expecting."

Henri A. Neipp, a native of Switzerland, had come to America a year earlier than Miss Heinrich, joined the same church, and actively engaged in Christian work among the French people. In 1898 he left for Africa under the former Philafrican Liberator League. There he joined Rev. and Mrs. William C. Bell who had been out a year under the same auspices at a station 250 miles south of Bailundo.

"I still remember," writes Mr. Bell, "with what jubilation Brother Neipp learned of the coming of his fiancée, and with what speed he hastened preparations to make the two hundred and fifty mile trip down to the coast to welcome her... Finally he started

back with his bride. For her he had secured the use of a tepoia, but he himself walked, as he had going down. ... Later, when associated with the missions of the American Board, she found a most fertile field for her many talents. Through the avenues of music and teaching she trained young men and gave them the torch of leadership... With no doctor at hand, by patient study and experience she acquired medical knowledge and technique which for many years made the mission station a place of healing of body as well as of soul."

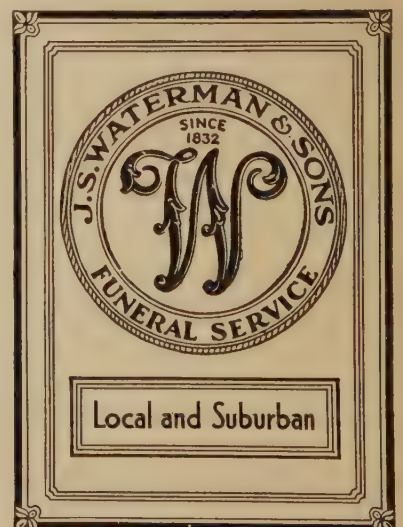
"From the early days of suffering and deprivation," writes Mrs. Sidney Dart, "through the years of mission growth, she poured out for the people of Angola her strength and many talents: as musician, medical helper, teacher, and evangelist; as careful guide for the school-boys and girls, and ready advisor for the older Christians. Not only her friends of the Mission circles, but government officials, nearby settlers, passing visitors shared her hospitality. She was anxious

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The cover of the September *Her-
ald* was from a photo by Anne
Brookings, formerly of Inanda.

Correction: In the picture on page
421, September issue the second
from left is Miss Frost.

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Church, Boston that adopted the
Neipps.

The first years under the League
were extremely difficult: their sup-
port was so meager that they suffered
greatly. But they remained at their
post until the League broke up in
1900 and they were invited to join
the American Board Mission. This
year Mrs. Neipp's health obliged them
to come home to retire; but on Octo-
ber 23, 1936, she entered her eternal
home.

Olive M. Vaughan

"O Dr. Smith, I do want to go
so much! I do not feel that I am
qualified: I can only offer myself as I
am, and trust that the Lord will use
me to the uttermost."

He did! She went to the remote
station of Hadjin high in the Taurus
Mountains to teach in the Hadjin
Home. She passed through the cruel
test years of the War and deportations
and massacres. Left alone there by
her own wish she maintained diplo-
matic and friendly relations with Tur-
kish officials; was a wall of defence
around the teachers she could keep
with her; healed the sick, fed the
hungry, was a living and radiant gos-
pel message to the poor people around
her.

The Board of Elders sent to Bos-
ton through Mr. Chambers an expres-
sion of their appreciation and grati-
tude for what Miss Vaughan had been
to them in the years between 1915
and 1919—when she came to this
country broken in health.

"She manifested her womanly love
and sympathy at the very beginning
of the disaster by taking under her
care about forty girls—daughters of
the deported people—and in spite of
the government orders she ministered
even to those condemned to death.
That gentle American woman did not
hesitate in the presence of any dan-
ger to 'defend the innocent and com-
fort the desolate.' . . . There were

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in *The Churchman*

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SAMPLE OF TYPE

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go down into the pit: I am as a
man that hath no strength:

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times when her life was in danger, but she did not falter for a moment. . . . We pray that the God of all grace may reward her. . . ."

Miss Vaughan had chosen the harder things from the very beginning. She was the daughter of pioneers in Minnesota, where she was born in 1874. On graduating from Carleton College in 1904, after three years of teaching in mid-course, she was offered the position of Assistant in Astronomy at Mount Holyoke College, and also two positions in leading high schools of the state. But it grew upon her that her work "ought to be in a needier field," so she applied for an appointment under the American Missionary Association, and taught mathematics and physics in Tillotson College, Austin, Texas before going to Turkey under the American Board.

She was not able to go back to Turkey after coming home in 1919, although the Mission asked for her return. She died at Tempe, Arizona on October 2, 1936.

The Chronicle

FURLOUGH AUTHORIZED

Miss Helen Dizney of the North China Mission, a four months' leave of absence, beginning in October, 1936.

* * *

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ing to the West Central Africa Mis-
sion. * * *

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Mrs. Mary E. Hemingway, in

Taiku, China, August 24, returning to the North China Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross Thomas, in Bombay, in September, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Mr. Lee S. Riley, in Saloniki, Greece, September 17, joining the staff of Anatolia College.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Riggs, in Beirut, Syria, September 21, returning to the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Everett C. Blake, Miss Gladys G. Perry, in Istanbul, September 29, returning to the Near East Mission. * * *

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard of Ingtau, Fukien, China, in New York, September 20.

Rev. and Mrs. Harrison A. Maynard of Izmir, Turkey, in Boston, October 9.

Miss Flora K. Heebner of Taiku, North China; Miss Helen Dizney of

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Tehchow, North China, in Vancouver, November 3.

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Miss Helen B. Calder of Auburn-
dale, Mass., in Boston, November 9.

* * *

BIRTHS

Rev. and Mrs. Edward G. Nichols
of the Ceylon Mission, a daughter,
Muriel Gening, at Kodaikanal, South
India, September 24.

Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Tong of
the Philippines Mission, a daughter,
at Davao, Philippines, October 10.

* * *

MARRIAGE

Mr. Douglas Arnold Larson and
Miss Mary Eleanor Ringer, formerly
of the Near East Mission, at Portland,
Oregon, October 15.

* * *

DEATHS

Miss Olive M. Vaughan, missionary
in Turkey, 1904-1919, at Tempe,
Arizona, October 2.

Mrs. Henry A. Neipp, missionary
in West Central Africa, 1904-1936,
at Wellesley, Massachusetts, Oct. 23.

Dr. Hardman N. Kinnear, of Foo-
chow Mission 1889-1928, at Baton
Rouge, La., November 13.

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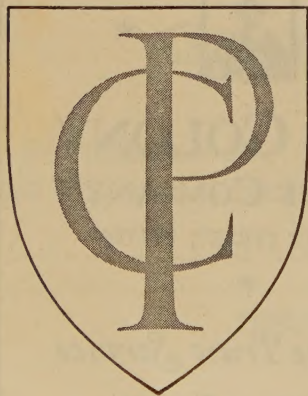
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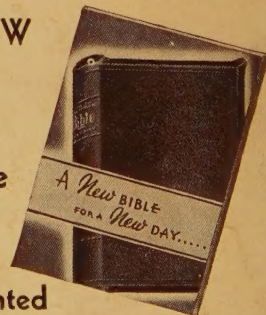
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